THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVI. No. 1172 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1953 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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The Role of a Neutral Power

WITH most of its leaders scattered round the European capitals, the Labour Party still managed, last Friday, to publish a Korean statement. It formally disassociated itself from "any implication of commitment to the extension of hostilities in the Far East that may be contained in the 16-Nation declaration" and sharply criticised the Government for "avoiding the opportunity" of telling the Commons about the contents of the declaration in the debate immediately before the recess.

This forthright statement served more purposes than one. Not only did it usefully define the Labour position, and allay some very real anxiety about the silence of the leadership: it also gave Sir Winston Churchill the opportunity of reply. The official rejoinder from Number 10 was prompt to deny that any new commitment had been undertaken; to remind the public that even the Labour Government had agreed that, in certain circumstances, they would "associate themselves with action not confined to Korea"; and to point out that, in so far as the 16-Nation declaration said anything new, its insistence that it dealt only with the consequences of an "unprovoked" breach of the armistice by the Communists, limited existing undertakings in the light of Syngman Rhee's misconduct. Thus Sir Winston seized the chance presented by Opposition criticism both to defend himself with vigour, and, at the same time, by the promptness with which he took the opportunity to publicise his own interpretation of the declaration, to admit, by implication, some substance in the criticism. The Labour statement was, in other words, characteristically and gratefully used by the Prime Minister as a weapon against the hotheads of his own Party and in the U.S.

Nor is that all. Sir Winston's week contains another good deed. For the British delegate to the General Assembly showed in his opening speech last Tuesday that he has been admirably briefed on the composition of the Korean political conference—even to the extent of public disagreement with the U.S. His speech, read in conjunction with that of Mr. Cabot Lodge, effectively exposed the basic difference in view between Washington and London. Mr. Lodge was quick to re-emphasise the "two sides" approach to the conference; the U.N. was concerned with no more than its own representation and required no assistance from the aggressors; if Russia was to join the conference, it would have to be because "the other side" desired it. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, by contrast, recognised the necessity of using the conference not as a kind of "People's Court" to establish the other side guilty of un-American activities, but as a constructive process, between equals, to seek a lasting settlement in the Far East. Indeed, although M. Vyshinsky's proposal of an 11-Power conference, including not only Russia and China, but also Poland, is certain not to be accepted by the Assembly as it stands, it would appear that, so far, there is more identity of approach towards the conference between him and Mr. Lloyd than between Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Lodge.

The other rift in Anglo-American agreement concerns India's place at the conference table. India's claim to be represented is twofold: first that, as an Asian Great Power, she cannot be left out of any agreement which purports to be a lasting settlement; secondly, that it is mainly owing to India (and particularly to Mr. Krishna Menon, the Indian delegate at Lake Success) that the armistice was ever achieved, and that the conference became an immediate reality. In the light of this, the American objection that, if India were to be admitted it would be difficult to draw a line of exclusion anywhere, is so insulting and crassly unrealistic that the British can do nothing but oppose it. Yet the problem is a little more complicated than that. For just as India, whatever the U.S. may say, will retain a decisive influence on the outcome of the conference, so her task is made more difficult if she has to struggle against continuing U.S. obstruction.

Mr. Nehru's statement last Monday, that India did not seek a place in the conference unless she were in a position to perform useful work and were acceptable by the major parties, suggests that he recognises this and is willing to hold in reserve the

unique authority of his government until it can be most effectively invoked. India's interventions in the truce negotiations were the more effective because she stood to some extent *hors de combat*. May not the same prove true of the political conference? By using her authority and good offices from outside what will probably turn out to be an acrimonious and sterile gathering, she may once again give Mr. Krishna Menon the opportunity of proving himself well cast in the role of *deus ex machina*.

The Battle of the Notes

The Moscow Note on Germany delivered at the beginning of the week is not likely to lead to much progress towards an all-German peace treaty. Nor, no doubt, was that its main purpose. Coming only three weeks before the Western German elections (and adding so little to what had been said before), it was intended primarily to win friends and influence people inside West Germany. Its tone of benevolence and striking consideration for German sensibilities is calculated to embarrass Dr. Adenauer at a difficult time. Coupled with the generally accommodating attitude of Soviet policy in recent weeks—the exit permit for Mrs. Hall and the release of Mr. Sanders are two more examples of old irritants which have suddenly become pearls—it aims at discrediting the concept of Western defence, based on a divided Germany—and sharply contrasted in Soviet eyes with a "peaceful solution," based on a united and demilitarised Germany.

It is too early to say what success the Note will achieve inside West Germany. It has been dismissed by Dr. Adenauer and his friends, with the usual official jibes, as mere political warfare. So, in a sense, it is: if it were to be taken at its face value there are many genuine problems, such as the procedure for forming a provisional government, which it largely ignores. Yet the West would do well to remember that fear that a rearmed West Germany will eventually be used as the spearhead of an attack on Soviet Europe is both genuine and one of the mainsprings of Soviet policy. The Western Powers, on their side, were certainly genuine in their fear of Soviet expansion when they first planned German rearmament; but the time has come to reconsider, without prejudice, whether the situation has not changed. Until the Nato Powers face that issue, it is futile to call in question the detailed difficulties and inconsistencies of the Soviet Note.

Meanwhile, the immediate response of the West has been a counter-Note calling, yet again, for an Austrian Treaty. This move has been under preparation for some time as a test, crucial in Western eyes, of Soviet "sincerity" in talking peace. But when the Russians sought to regain the initiative on the German issue, the Western Powers seem to have dispatched their carefully considered challenge on Austria earlier than was planned in a quick effort to counter any propaganda success accruing to the Russians from their German proposals. What such insistence on priority for an Austria earlier than was planned, in a quick withdrawal of Soviet power that is involved—a withdrawal that the Russians think should be balanced by Western concessions.

Continuing Struggle in France

After an unconstructive broadcast last week, which failed to convince French strikers that their demands would be met, or even considered without prejudice, if they returned immediately to work, M. Laniel set to work behind the scenes to achieve what has always seemed his most promising objective—a split between the C.G.T. on the one hand, and the Force Ouvrière and the Catholics, on the other. At the beginning of this week, he held long exploratory conversations with the Socialist and Christian trade union leaders. The scope of these talks was not revealed, but the very fact that they were taking place had robbed the strike of a good deal of its impressive authority as a united working-class demonstration. Indeed, by Monday afternoon it seemed long odds on a gradual return to work during the week, at least by the non-Communist unions.

So M. Laniel's broadcast ultimatum of Monday night, in which he broke off communications with the unions and refused any further discussions until after a general return to work, came as a considerable surprise. Intended, no doubt, as a *coup de grâce*, administered in the nick of time, its effect has so far been to rally the Socialists and Catholics once more behind the dying strike and alongside the C.G.T. M. Herriot, the President of the Assembly, who has been taking a diplomatic rest at his home in Lyons since the latter part of last week, has now summoned the executive committee of the Assembly to arrange a general recall of Deputies for next week. The contest, therefore, is shifting, at least temporarily, into the political arena; and though M. Jouhaux, the veteran Right-wing trade union leader, is reported to be busying himself in the background drafting memoranda and seeking compromise, no settlement now looks at all likely until after an Assembly debate. At the time of going to press there are no indications of what line M. Laniel and his Government will decide to take when they face the Assembly. They may withdraw a little from the uncompromising position of Monday's broadcast, in the interest of retaining office: if, on the other hand, M. Laniel sticks to his guns, he will almost certainly lose the Premiership. And, after that, anything may happen.

Moroccan Madness

France will pay heavily for the madness of last week's events in Morocco. Marshal Juin and General Guillaume, the Resident-General, paying no attention at all to Paris, and acting on behalf of the French business and colonial interests, have now made any co-operation between the French and the Moroccan Nationalists impossible. They undoubtedly encouraged the rebellion of the Pasha of Marrakesh, to which high civil servants were heavily committed, for he and his friends were the one centre of Moroccan opinion with which they could strike an alliance of mutual hostility towards the Sultan and the Istiqlal. They stripped the Sultan of both his legislative and executive powers, after an ultimatum, and transferred them to committees which will be under French control. And they made the Sultan promise not to invoke the "interference" of third parties in any dispute with the French—an attempt to ensure against any action by the United Nations against this shameful piece of imperialist intrigue.

But, as riots broke out in the principal cities, the soldiers seem to have had cold feet. At the last minute, they double-crossed the Pasha of Marrakesh, and ordered him to call off the revolt they had inspired, thereby adding the fury of their stooges to the anger of the Moroccan Nationalists against this cynical and repressive coup. No doubt, some of General Guillaume's advisers realised that the attempt to weaken the Sultan's authority by striking at his religious supremacy through the Pasha of Marrakesh was unlikely to succeed, and that it would only rally the religious leaders more strongly to the Nationalist cause. As it is, the immediate results achieved by this act of folly may please Juin, Guillaume and the ruling French interests. But before long it will prove to be another blow to French prestige in North Africa.

Sir Winston at Downing Street

No one should have been surprised at Sir Winston's holding a Cabinet in Downing Street this week; he was with difficulty restrained from making the journey to town to deal with the Russian reply a fortnight ago. An American paper has described his illness as a "stroke." Whether or not the word is justified, there is no doubt that Sir Winston had some form of seizure, quickly recovered, but was told he must not risk another. We are informed that the medical verdict next October will probably be that though he appears well, he is really fit to work only a few hours a day, certainly not to continue as Prime Minister. On the assumption that he takes medical advice—always dubious—Sir Winston's successor is presumably Mr. Eden, who is now getting the three months period of convalescence usually prescribed after the kind of operation he has had. In that case, Mr. Macmillan, also recovering from an operation, is heir presumptive at the Foreign Office.

Persian Somersault

At the beginning of this week Dr. Mossadeq appeared to be complete dictator of Iran. He had defeated Kashani, his rival for popular favour; he had dissolved the Majlis by an unconstitutional referendum, and arrested those M.P.s who still opposed him. Finally, when the Shah's Imperial Guard attempted a *coup*, he seemed to have routed them so effectively that the Shah himself had no recourse except flight. On Wednesday all this was reversed. General Zahedi, nominated as his successor by the Shah, has triumphed after all. Mossadeq's fortified home has been stormed and he himself is apparently in custody. His Foreign Minister is said to have been "torn to pieces" by the Teheran mob, which is no doubt as exuberant today in the Prime Minister's discomfiture as it was formerly delirious about his triumph. The significance of these events in a country where politics are on so personal a basis as Persia may easily be exaggerated. The Shah is returning to a country where nationalism of a particularly incalculable kind still dominates. The largest party in the country remains the underground Tudeh party, which is led by Com-

munists who tacitly supported Mossadeq, a rich man and an enemy, merely because he was throwing out the foreigners. The mass of the population will continue to starve and cheer successive leaders until they find a ruler to lift them from their poverty and servitude.

JORDAN

New Life on the Dead Sea

A Correspondent writes : To restore fertility to the barren wastes of the Jordan Valley in order to make it habitable for hundreds of thousands of Palestinian refugees is the object of the ambitious Yarmouk River Scheme. Both practically and politically, it will be a vast undertaking. Briefly, the plan is to build a 400ft. high 1,800ft. wide dam across the Yarmouk—a river which flows along the Jordan-Syrian frontier into the Jordan and supplies about half the Jordan's waters. The site chosen on the Yarmouk forms a perfect natural reservoir with high surrounding hills forming the sides and five deep wadis to act as water storage tanks. Water from the reservoir would be taken along a canal built parallel but above the Jordan River and a huge area of waste land between the canal and the river would then be irrigated and resettled. Schemes to utilise the water for cheap hydro-electric power to benefit both Jordan and Syria have been worked out. On the practical side, the first survey of the Yarmouk Scheme is nearing completion and the findings are reported satisfactory. On the political side, Syria, after long negotiations, has consented to this use of the Yarmouk waters. The United Nations Relief and Works Agency has earmarked funds to finance the Scheme.

Israel, however, remains an unknown factor. Although the River Yarmouk does not particularly concern her, the River Jordan does. The use of half the waters of the present flow of the Jordan is therefore of considerable interest to her. For Israel has put forward her own plans to utilise the Jordan waters to irrigate the Negev —hundreds of miles away in Southern Israel. Whether Israel will protest against the Yarmouk Scheme, and whether her protest could be legally upheld, are two of the many uncertainties which lie in the path of the Yarmouk Scheme.

The importance of the success or failure of this scheme can not be overstated. Yarmouk is not just one of many schemes for settling the Arab refugees. It is the only resettlement project to date which would have any appreciable effect on the refugee situation—a Middle East problem which equals, if not exceeds in importance, the question of the Suez Canal Zone. Today—five years after the Palestine War—U.N.R.W.A. supports over 800,000 destitute refugees. This is about the same number as when the organisation was first set up. Natural increase among the refugees amounts to about 22,000 a year and many Palestinians who left their lands five years ago with small savings are now destitute and are beseeching U.N.R.W.A. to be taken, at this late date, into the camps.

At present most of the refugees state that they are determined to stay in the camps until they can return to their lands in Palestine. But after five soul destroying years there is little doubt that the offer of a home, land and an independent life would be accepted by the majority—once the first move were made. If two hundred thousand or so refugees could be settled in the Jordan Valley—and this is roughly the aim of the scheme —the whole nature of the refugee problem would be changed. It would not only break the ice over the idea of refugee resettlement but would doubtless have the effect of encouraging the remaining refugees to press for similarly constructive schemes for themselves

WASHINGTON

Suspending the Racketeers

A Correspondent writes : American trade unions have long been plagued by racketeers and gangsters—sometimes imported as mercenaries in factional quarrels—and there have been times when they have seized control of important unions, notably in the building and cinema industries. Last winter, the New York State Crime Commission at last investigated waterfront crime, and revealed what everyone had known for years—that the sixty-thousand strong International Longshoremen's Association was deeply involved in the bribery, extortion, violence and theft which have made the New York docks a cesspool. This union, headed by Joe Ryan, has long lost any pretence at internal democracy, and has used its members simply as tools in its corrupt game with racketeers, employers, politicians and the police.

After the Crime Commission inquiry, the leadership of the American Federation of Labour served notice on the I.L.A. that it must clean house. The Association has since made two wordy reports, promising much and showing no progress ; the I.L.A. leaders were clearly confident that the Federation leaders would not take the unprecedented step of interfering in the internal affairs of an autonomous and staunchly anti-Communist affiliate. This, however, is exactly what the A.F. of L. Executive, meeting in Chicago last week, has now done. The traditional cry of "autonomy" has been disregarded, and the Executive has agreed to recommend the suspension of the I.L.A. to the A.F. of L. Convention which meets at St. Louis in September.

There was a another decisive step taken at Chicago. The powerful Carpenters' Union, whose leader, William Hutcheson, has for 20 years been a pillar of extreme Republicanism, and who came to blows with John L. Lewis when the C.I.O. was first formed, has been allowed to pack its tools and depart ; Hutcheson still wanted to carry on his feud with the C.I.O. at a time when the two biggest union federations have at last begun to get on speaking terms again. For once, the A.F. of L. refused to be blackmailed by Hutcheson's threat to withdraw his 800,000 members, and told him bluntly that if he could not accept A.F. of L. policy, he could go. These are signs of a new decisiveness in a Federation which has a flabby and ultra-conservative history.

Hopes in Kashmir

THE talks in Delhi between Nehru and Mohammed Ali are going better than anyone dared to hope. They appear to have agreed to appoint an administrator—probably an Asian—to organise a plebiscite in Kashmir. This news is the more gratifying because the Talks began in an atmosphere vitiated by recent events.

It was natural for the Pakistanis to be upset by the arrest of Sheikh Abdullah. Not that they had any fondness for him. How could they? It was Abdullah who had prevented Pakistan from capturing Kashmir easily in 1947. But Sheikh Abdullah was a Moslem. He was being dismissed by a Hindu, the son of the detested Maharajah, who for years had been the symbol of the Dogra tyranny over Moslems. Behind this head of State lay the Government of India. Nobody in Pakistan was likely to believe that he had acted without the approval of the Indian Government: most Pakistanis were convinced that the Indian Government had put him up to the whole affair.

Chagrin in Pakistan went further. In the last few months before Sheikh Abdullah's downfall, his attachment to India had been cooling spectacularly. Just before his dismissal it had been possible for pro-Pakistanis to shout provocative slogans in meetings at which he was actually present, and no action was taken. He veered, not, it is true, towards Pakistan, but towards making Kashmir an independent country. Pakistan was naturally very pleased. Its interests were to get Indian troops out of Kashmir. Once they had gone, it could await developments. This agreeable prospect suddenly vanished. Instead of Sheikh Abdullah, Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed ruled in Kashmir, and his reputation was such that he was committed to tying Kashmir closely and irrevocably into the Indian Union on the same footing as its other constituent States.

The result was the angry outcry in the Karachi press. Perhaps some of the comment was not really as angry as it sounded. With the genuine nationalist feeling of resentment against India, there may have been mixed a certain satisfaction that a fine opportunity had risen for baiting the new Pakistan Government. The opposition to Mohammed Ali had clearly been waiting its time. Now this seemed to have come. The opposition could argue that the overthrow of Sheikh Abdullah—the insult to Pakistan—was the first result of Mohammed Ali's policy of conciliation and gesture of good neighbourliness to India. There was talk that Sheikh Abdullah might drag down Mohammed Ali with him in his fall. In any case he could not afford to wait until next month for the meeting arranged with Jawarharlal Nehru.

If, now, Mohammed Ali manages to reach at least some agreement, or prospect of agreement, it will show that the expectations which some had formed about his statesmanship were well justified, and that behind the day-to-day excitement of recent weeks, there have been going on real changes in the relationship between India and Pakistan—even perhaps changes fundamental enough to bring agreement not only about the canal waters and refugee property, but even about Kashmir, the last great problem which divides them.

Changes have been happening on both sides. In Pakistan the economic troubles of the past year brought many people to wonder whether it was sensible to quarrel wastefully with its natural economic partner and customer, India. Why should Pakistan not sell its jute? It is clear, looking back, that this change of mood had a lot to do with the *coup d'état* when the Governor General set up Mr. Mohammed Ali in the place of Mr. Nazim ud din. Mr. Mohammed Ali is the head of an administration of civil servants and trained experts which has replaced an administration of politicians. One of the demands of the civil servants is for a common sense agreement with India—and civil servants

in Pakistan are former colleagues of the civil servants in Delhi.

On the Indian side there had also been changes. Perhaps the chief was the sudden rise in Indian-occupied Kashmir of the Hindu communalist organisation, the Jammu Praja Parishad. This was most embarrassing to Mr. Nehru. It was nakedly communalist. Though disowned by the Delhi Government, it led a formidable agitation against Sheikh Abdullah, disillusioning him about the chances of Hindu-Moslem co-operation. The agitation caused incidentally the death of Mooherjee. He was an arch-communalist, the enemy of Nehru and all which Nehru stands for—but it was embarrassing for Nehru that the most distinguished Indian parliamentarian next to Nehru himself should die a captive in the hands of Nehru's protégé Moslem prime minister.

All this may at last have helped to influence Nehru's mind about Kashmir. If the rule of Bakshi were to continue, India might be entangled in repressive measures which Nehru would be the last to want to employ. Kashmir might begin to loom as a liability for the future, not an asset. Instead of being a shop-window example of Hindu-Moslem co-operation in the secular state, was it to become a show-piece of Indian rule of an unwilling minority? Or was it to be a battlefield between irreconcilable Hindu and Moslem communities? If Nehru was in serious doubt about the answer to these questions, that no doubt eased the way to a settlement.

Sick Man of Europe

I—The Plan that Failed.

[This is the first of three articles in which Mr. Paul Johnson analyses the economic malaise which has afflicted post-war France and underlines some of its political consequences. The articles were written some weeks before the onset of the current strikes. Yet the conclusion that, sooner or later, an industrial and political explosion was inevitable is implicit in Mr. Johnson's analysis.]

At the end of June the French Budget, despite taxation which by most criteria was the second heaviest in the world, was running a current deficit of £700 m.; France's balance with the European Payments Union, despite drastic cuts in imports, was running a deficit of £730 m.; and her level of industrial production, despite an annual investment rate of nearly a fifth of her national income, had remained stagnant for the past six months. So the bulletin read. In the face of such symptoms, none of the doctors could doubt that the patient was sick. But on both the nature of the disease and its treatment medical opinion was in violent conflict. Whose advice should the patient follow? Dr. Reynaud's ("a drastic constitutional purge")? Dr. Bidault's ("continue the same treatment")? Or Dr. Mendès-France's ("an immediate operation")? The Assembly adjourned for the holidays undecided.

It is an exaggeration to assume that France is a chronic economic invalid. With one great exception—coal—she is within measurable distance of achieving self-sufficiency. The problems which haunt Britain—a permanent deficit with the dollar area, the need to import huge quantities of food, and the economic consequences of a dwindling Empire—do not have the same urgency for the French. France, in fact, has the best-balanced economy of all the Western European nations. Nevertheless, it is true that her economy has been ailing for some time. During the Thirties, her industrial production declined catastrophically, and in most industries investment was below the replacement level. In the crucial coal industry, for instance, production declined from 55 m. metric tons in 1929 to 47.6 m. in 1938. On the eve of the war, her annual investment rate was only 2 per cent. of her national income.

Thus, in the aftermath of the Liberation, France's planners were faced by an immense task. Their target was not merely a return to pre-war productive capacity, but a complete reversal of the forces of economic atrophy which were rapidly turning France into one of the most backward of European industrial nations. In 1946 they produced their solution—the Monnet Plan, an experiment in economic planning on the Soviet model, which was designed to enable France to invest a significant proportion (19 per cent.) of her national income in six key industries. The Plan, which involved considerable sacrifices on the part of the French people, has in many important respects been a conspicuous success. In three of the basic industries (power, steel and cement), the initial targets had been reached before the end of 1952. Overall industrial production passed the 1938 level in 1948, and by December 1952 it was 13 per cent. higher than in 1929, France's best pre-war year, and nearly 50 per cent. higher than in 1938. In addition, there have been some spectacular individual achievements. France's two newest power-dams, for instance, have the highest output (in terms of electrical units) in Europe. Another striking example is the new continuous hot-strip rolling mill at Denain, whose charging capacity is comparable to those of the largest American mills.

Why, then, the great and growing deficits, the industrial stagnation and the increasing under-employment—all characteristics of the French economy in mid-1953? There are, of course, external factors, above all the never-ending drain of men and materials to Indo-China. There were also a number of mistakes made in the preparation of the first Four-Year Plan—in the siting of some of the power-stations, for instance. But the real deficiencies of the Plan, and of its successor, which is now in its initial stages, are more fundamental and reflect upon the basic economic thinking of Jean Monnet and his associates.

First, agriculture received far too small a share of the re-equipment funds. Despite the fact that it absorbs 30 per cent. of France's manpower, it was not recognised as an *industrie de base* until 1948, and even then its share of the funds was limited to 8 per cent. Tractor production, it is true, was made a priority industry, but it is significant that it was the only one of the six to fall short of its target by more than a third; and many French economists maintain that the target itself was absurdly low. In 1951, for instance, only 16,000 tractors were produced, instead of the projected 50,000. Production was increased last year, but still fell well short of 30,000. Today, after six years of the Plan, France possesses only 140,000 tractors, though her immediate needs are in the region of a million. Other projects for agricultural modernization received even less capital. Most of France's artificial insemination centres (she has fewer than Denmark) are the creations of local authorities. Although agriculture is far and away France's most important industry, she spends less on technical training and information centres than Greece.

It can, of course, be argued that French agriculture is Government-financed in other ways—in particular through the time-honoured system of subsidies and fiscal exemptions, which currently stand at over £100 m. a year. In reality, however, this system merely acts as a break on agricultural productivity by discouraging rational exploitation of the land and by permitting marginal producers to remain in existence. An example of the results which this vicious system produces is the wine industry's annual average surplus of 10 per cent. This is purchased by the Government, at a guaranteed price, and converted, at a loss, into industrial alcohol. Thus, thousands of acres of France's best agricultural land remain not merely unproductive but a positive burden on the economy.

A few figures illustrate the calamitous results of this persistent neglect of the land. The proportion of produce consumed on the farms has now risen to one-sixth of the total—the highest in Europe—and a French agricultural labourer now feeds only six people (against 20 in the U.S.A.). Thus France has been forced to import increasing quantities of food, with disastrous effects on her external balance of payments. Excess of food imports over exports has risen from £8 m. in 1950 to £66 m. in 1952, with an estimated £80 m. for 1953. Yet not a single French economist would deny that France's agricultural resources are sufficient to convert this deficit into a surplus at least as large. Moreover, it should be remembered that in France, more so than in Britain, agricultural and industrial problems are inseparable. The decay of agriculture, followed by the inevitable rise in the cost of food, has been an important factor in the internal inflation which is rapidly driving French manufactured goods from world markets. Why is it that the new Denain mill, despite its vastly superior equipment, cannot produce cheaper steel than its German competitors, less than 100 miles away? The answer lies in the farmlands of Normandy.

There are other, more sombre, aspects. Despite a wide variety of fiscal privileges, there has been a real and progressive decline in the standard of living of France's rural population. The share of agriculture in the national income has fallen to 20 per cent. Many hundreds of thousands of farmers make only a bare living from their land: in 1950, it was calculated that 40 per cent. of the farms have an annual yield of less than £300. Consequently, the post-war years have seen a wave of migrations into the towns; in parts of South-east France this has reduced village populations by as much as 50 per cent. The psychological effects of this decay are perhaps even more important than the purely economic ones. French agriculture is tending to lose faith in France's future; it is transforming itself into an economy within an economy. Agricultural capital, once a principal source of French industrial investment, is tending to go underground, or even migrate abroad—the failure of M. Pinay's gold loan in the rural areas, at which it was principally aimed, being one of the symptoms of this loss of faith.

The approach of the Monnet Plan to agriculture has been discussed at some length because, apart from its intrinsic importance, it is a symptom of the Plan's wider intellectual shortcomings. French agriculture cannot be made to play its full part in the national economy without a very considerable measure of central planning, above all in the direction of labour. As with agriculture, so with industry. The Plan failed because it attempted to pump capital into certain industries without resolving the anomalies which made them

inefficient—a convincing demonstration that economic planning can never succeed without certain minimum modifications of the capitalist framework. How could French goods be made competitive without destroying—or at least rationalizing — the mounting pyramid of protectionism? How could virility be instilled into an economy run by men obsessed with a philosophy of high profits? How could costs be cut without transforming France's bloated and inefficient distribution system?

To put it briefly: the Monnet Plan made no real attempt to modify the French economy to meet the needs of a changing world. Its object was, rather, a return to 1929. Its chief architect, Jean Monnet, an apostle of "progressive" private enterprise, envisaged not an *économie dirigée*, but an *économie concertée*, based on the enlightened self-interest of French capital. Such a project inevitably depended largely on the ability of French business to make itself efficient and competitive. For historical and political reasons, it has been unable to do this. In particular, its efficiency has been conditioned by the emergence of a new class—the surplus businessman. In a further article I shall examine the political and economic consequences of this curious phenomenon.

PAUL JOHNSON

London Diary

FOR a truant hour I watched the last Test Match on "the telly" (as they say in the pubs); it was a good hour when the excited commentator permitted himself to foresee the "Ashes looming up." A little later he might have added that the British public will warm themselves over them all next winter. I have not been really excited about cricket since I was a boy pretending to bowl for England against Victor Trumper when what was surely the greatest of all Australian teams—or so I remember it—visited England before the first world war. Very odd how, when so much is forgotten, the names of Bardsley, Armstrong, McCartney and Cotter come back to my mind! In those days we small boys had to be content with the newspapers. In such matters, at any rate, television justifies itself. The only weakness is that one usually sees nothing of the ball from the time it leaves the bowler's hand until the batsman makes his stroke. In this way, cricket televises less well than tennis. Hutton's suicide in England's last innings, however, was distressingly clear. I diagnose nerves. These five matches must have been a greater strain for him than anyone else. I think some critics were most unfair to him; sometimes it even seemed that they were gratuitously rude because he is a professional. Dramatically, of course, Bailey ran away with the honours, as must always happen when great things are achieved by a man of whom less is expected. If the teams had really wanted to make themselves more popular than they are, the thing would have been to arrange a "friendly game" at the Oval during the two extra days booked for the final Test Match. Lots of hitting, no strain, and autographs *ad lib.* to follow.

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Malenkov goes on belatedly repairing the less explicable errors of Stalin. Less explicable, I say, because one can imagine reasons of state or of doctrine which led the U.S.S.R. after the war to throw away its unique chance of peacefully extending its world influence through the United Nations. It is extraordinarily difficult to understand why Stalin also thought it a good idea to make Russia look an *inhuman* country to the millions of ordinary people who were in love with the Soviet Union after Stalingrad. No Western propaganda could have done the Soviet Union as much harm as such petty acts of cruelty as the separation of Soviet brides from their husbands. If Mrs. Hall can join her husband now, why was she ever parted from him?

* * *

I was delighted to hear that the reports of the murder of Shishakly, the Syrian President, were much exaggerated. I could easily understand why he is more annoyed than Mark Twain by a similar rumour. For it is Shishakly's special distinction that, unlike other Syrian dictators, he has not yet been murdered. I remember after a long talk with him eighteen months ago that friends shook their heads; they agreed that he had excellent ideas, but said that he was unlikely to live to carry them out. Judging from precedents, they gave him three months to live. He has already maintained himself for another nineteen months and, I'm glad to say, he has given effect to some of the good ideas. I remember urging upon him the absurdity of keeping Arab refugees from Israel deliberately miserable on the propaganda pretence that they were going back to their homes. He agreed, but spoke of the political difficulties of allowing any kind of "settlement" and of making an admission which might seem to be a renunciation of Arab rights in Israel. I suggested that the great advantage of being a dictator that he need not talk nonsense for political reasons. I asked him what he was going to do with twenty-five members of the recent Cabinet whom he had locked up in the aerodrome. He said he proposed to let them out at the first opportunity. He has done that, too, and I understand that he now boasts that he has not kept any of his political opponents for many months in jail. This is a considerable achievement, and it may explain why he is still alive.

* * *

I am interested and puzzled by the correspondence which has followed our radio critic's attack on John Wain's Third Programme feature *First Reading*. I am not quite sure what the issue really is. The fight is not between dons and the Rest; that illusion arises because lecturers in "red brick universities" apparently dislike being called "dons"; a don to them suggests an Oxford or Cambridge sipper of port and other ancient flavours. Is the row the familiar quarrel between youth and middle age in which Mr. Wain's protegés are a new generation of young poets and writers trying to oust established names? Some correspondents seem to regard it as a quarrel between metropolitan and provincial culture—which puzzles me a good deal since so many of the established writers under fire are, like Dylan Thomas, V. S. Pritchett and Walter Allen, originally "provincials." These questions are not entirely clear to me. In any case they all seem beside Mr. Massingham's point, which was simply that in his view Mr. Wain had not discovered talent as yet worthy of his enterprise. Perhaps it is a pity that they cannot get together and produce a literary magazine of their own to counter the wicked influence of London. Instead the initiative remains with what I hope I won't cause offence by calling the Old Guard. Mr. John Lehmann is reviving the title *The London Magazine* for the new literary monthly which he is to launch in the New Year. With John Hayward, Elizabeth Bowen, Veronica Wedgwood, William Plomer and Rex Warner on its advisory board, we may expect it to follow the pattern more or less established by *New Writing*. Then in October there is to appear *Encounter*, also a monthly and also published at 2s. 6d. under the editorship of Mr. Stephen Spender who, it is sometimes forgotten, was a co-founder of *Horizon*. *Encounter* is sponsored by the (anti-Communist) Congress for Cultural Freedom and will be political as well as literary.

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A doctor friend has confessed to me that he is a dope-peddler in a big way. His traffic will not get him into trouble with the police or the General Medical Council. But he has been examining his prescriptions—and his conscience. He is appalled at the amount of sleeping drugs he is prescribing, mainly for the complaint which he calls "suburban neurosis." The drug-seekers are mainly women who have discovered that there are "safe" pills to put them to sleep and "quiet their nerves." They pick up gynæcological jargon from each other and produce plausible symptoms. "Just as gin used to be the short cut out of Whitechapel or Manchester" said the doctor, "so are the barbiturates an escape from boredom or from fretting about the clothes they can't afford or the annoyance of teething children." Aldous Huxley foresaw the uses of *soma*.

These patients roundly tell a doctor who is reluctant to oblige them with these drugs at the expense of the National Health Service that they can easily find another doctor who is more agreeable. Anyway, in a busy surgery the doctor usually finds it simplest to satisfy them, he knows that in proper doses the drugs are harmless and not habit-forming. Nor can the doctor spot if a patient is accumulating a stock of sedatives with the result that barbiturates now rank second only to coal-gas as a method of suicide. A tenth of all prescriptions nowadays are sedatives of one kind or another. Can the profession do nothing about it? "Yes, of course," said my friend, "but only if we gang up. As long as patients can play off one doctor against another they will get what they want."

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I believe G. K. Chesterton is on record somewhere as having angrily inquired: "If you're not allowed to hate a man who gets into a crowded railway carriage, who the Hell *can* you hate?" I gathered in a talk with a railway official the other day that for more than a century our railway authorities have been fighting the peculiarly British habit of trying to make a six- or eight-seat compartment look full when it is not. "I've travelled in every country in Europe," he told me, "and I've never seen it done there." While we talked, would-be passengers were darting anxiously along the platform, squinting for space among their wouldn't-be fellow-travellers; ferret-like indelicacy on one side of the glass, baleful immobility on the other. "But we're gradually getting over it," he went on. How? Propaganda? Bullying? Lectures? "We're changing over to the saloon coach," he said, "the sixty- or eighty-seater. No good trying to pretend *that's* full up when it isn't." But I'm not so sure that he's right about the Continental trains. I should have said the difference, if any, was that Continental families are bigger and more cohesive; they do a lot more moving about *en bloc*, and fill one of their little compartments without distorting themselves. Anyhow, I think we ourselves are better than we were. When I was very young I used to stand at the window with my hair on end—I had no straw—and make crazy faces in the hope of being taken for an escaped lunatic. I knew a man who used to stand a halfpenny in the thumb-spring of the carriage door, so that the handle couldn't be turned from outside, and then go to sleep with the ferrule of his umbrella pressed tightly against it. He read contentedly between stations.

With the arrival of Tourist and First Class in air travel, one of its peculiar attractions has gone. No longer are we in a privileged world in which all are equally superior to the common herd who queue up at Dover, Ostend, Basle and other bottle-necks where everyone must show their passports, wait attendance on customs officials, bribe porters and look cheerful because they are on holiday. But "tourist" is still not too bad; it seems to differ from first class (except of course when that means Comet) only in being more crowded and less expensive. The time is coming I suppose, when air travel will be so general that the distinguished people will be those with the leisure and discrimination to proceed slowly by land and sea. The ship and the car will by that time have achieved the aristocratic flavour that horseback has today.

CRITIC

THE WAY TO KNOW A DAINTY DIOR WENCH

(After Thomas Heywood)

Let her slender feet be chic and neat,
For fashions now are shorter;
Let her shape be girt with a briefer skirt,
None full-length or three-quarter.

Let the princess line her curves define,
Let bulky textiles drape her,
But the skin-tight sheath must peep beneath,
And the silhouette must taper.

Let her hips be bunched and her shoulders hunched
To make her torso dumpy,
Let her coat be wide, in a bundle tied,
But her legs must not be stumpy.

Let her *fichu* slip and her neckline dip,
Let her back be bare, with a V-strap;
Let her waist-belt drop, but the hem must stop
Two inches under the knee-cap.

Let bell-skirts swing or snug ones cling
As tight as a rolled umbrella,
Let flounce or ruff hide just enough
Of the silken-clad *patella*.

Let her bust be wrapped and her pelvis strapped,
Let her casual jacket be egg-shaped,
But her shin must be slim, and her instep trim,
And her calf not bulging nor peg-shaped.

Let her walk arrayed in the newest shade—
Black-bronze, earth-beige or brandy,
May the limbs that show from knee to toe
Be neither bow nor bandy!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Speaking from Bray, Eire, today, Mr. Woolley said: "I have not yet had a reply. It was a four-figure offer and I have already got a location for him on the Golden Mile. I have a headless woman show there, and I shall take that off and exhibit Mr. Merrifield instead, if he is willing."—*Evening News*. (P. Gladwell.)

A lorry driver who gave another driver a lift after a breakdown was praised by a magistrate yesterday for behaving "like a Britisher"—and then fined 10s for doing it.

The owners of the lorry were summoned for carrying an unauthorised passenger.—*Daily Mirror*. (A. Finesilver.)

A young London couple on their honeymoon in Paris for the past ten days knew nothing about the French strikes until this morning. Mr. and Mrs. —, of —, London, S.W.15, said they had been honeymooning in a friend's flat and were unaware of the strikes until they went to St. Lazare station today.—*News Chronicle*. (B. Majerczyk.)

Youth Festival

THE train was twelve hours late at Bucharest. From the moment that it crossed the Hungarian border at Heygeshalom—the first bands, bunting and Communist ikons—it was halted at one station after another by receptions for the thousand Western delegates it was carrying to the World Youth Festival. At the larger towns, crowds swarmed out across the tracks, surrounded the coaches chalked white with peace slogans, and swept the passengers into vast informal dances. Above the music there rose the beat of rhythmic clapping and the chant one heard on every occasion for the next two weeks—*Pace si Prietenie—Peace and Friendship—Paix et Amitié*. Some good organisation there undoubtedly was. But much of the warmth was plainly spontaneous. You noticed this especially in the smaller places. No party machine, however effective, can make people smile, or induce mountain peasants to run beside a slow-moving train, picking wild flowers as they came, and thrusting them through the windows. One delegate caught the mood neatly. As we pushed our way through a brass band that was doggedly attempting an eightsome reel, he said: "This is the first time I have ever felt like an extra in a Soviet film."

The route by which I travelled to Bucharest, for five years one of the least known and accessible of the Communist capitals, and now suddenly thrown open to more than thirty thousand foreigners, was one of many. For the British it was merely four days and three nights in a third-class carriage. But others had come by air from South America, boat from Australia and Iceland, and by other ways best left unspecified. In the opening parade, there were delegations from more than one hundred countries, some large—France sent 3,000, Finland 2,800, Britain 1,300—and some, such as Dahomey, Siam and the U.S., very small. The majority, perhaps, were Communists, certainly sympathisers. That first Sunday, the climax came for these when the first rank of the Korean delegation, uniformed and bemedalled, reached the reviewing stand, and was chaired and garlanded as at a triumph. But there were thousands who went to Bucharest who were not Communists, and many, especially among the athletes, who were there solely for the elaborate programme of sport and cultural events.

The Festival was organised on so vast a scale that it was clearly intended to play a key role in the peace campaign and, I also believe, in the new internal policies which are now being adopted in Eastern Europe. The outside world was to be shown that the Communists really wanted to be friends: the insiders were to be shown that their regimes had well-wishers abroad. So the delegates were fetched, literally, from the ends of the earth. They were housed in schools, clubs and government buildings. They were carried about in a fleet of buses and lorries, and provided with interpreters mobilised from all over Eastern Europe. No effort was spared to make the hospitality impressive. In less than four months after the decision was taken to hold the Festival in Bucharest, the Rumanians had to construct a huge stadium, new parks, open-air theatres, cinemas and sports grounds—projects far larger than Battersea and the South Bank combined—in a city little larger than Birmingham. The money and effort spent on all this is a measure of the returns expected.

Yet the Festival was by no means a succession of mass meetings and parades. Once in Bucharest, the delegates—and the foreign press—were free to choose what they liked from a programme that bewildered by size and variety. Each evening, a document of six printed pages was published, listing the main events for the following day. I have a typical one before me now. There are seven different athletic meetings and displays, eight music and dance competitions, thirty foreign films indoors and another twenty-four in open-air cinemas. In the evening there are thirty-two national concerts or cultural shows, enabling one to run the gamut from choirs and symphony orchestras to such exotics as Chinese opera, Mongolian dancers, Bulgarian whistlers and Syrian acrobats. One Western writer, who was gamely trying to review all the performances he attended, gave up towards the end of the first week. "There is no critic in the world," he said, "competent to cover so much. The only thing to do is to relax and enjoy it."

But, for foreign journalists, for many delegates, and undoubtedly for the Rumanians, much the most fascinating aspect of this fortnight was the chance it gave just to talk to people. There was, naturally, the usual round of visits and excursions—hospitals, factories, museums. And there was also much simple fraternisation, hand-shaking, the exchange of autographs, addresses and badges, with mime often serving the part of speech. For the first few days, for example, it was impossible for anyone with a coloured skin or strange dress to walk ten yards without becoming lost in a crush. One evening, as I pushed my way towards the marble entrance of the beautiful new Musical Theatre, pressed by so many colours and costumes that I was reminded of the posters that used to hang in my Sunday School, I overheard another English voice express the same thought. "It looks," said someone who was two Koreans, an Arab and a Chilean away from me, "just like a missionary's idea of the Pearly Gates."

Such fraternisation was one of the purposes of the Festival, serving its ends far better than any propaganda, and it was encouraged by daily meetings between groups of delegates—the Iraqis and New Zealanders, Burmese and Finns, Swiss and Viet-Namese—which satisfied every possible permutation of interest or curiosity. Yet, especially for the non-Communists, it was the conversations with the Rumanians—and with the Russians, Hungarians, Poles and others with whom such free-and-easy contacts have been virtually impossible in recent years—that were most revealing. It was a refreshing change to ask and be asked questions freely, and to get, not prepared and formal answers, but facts and frank opinions. In this way, the Festival differed greatly from visits by small and selected delegations, which can be guided and told what it is thought best they should be told. For no regime can control the movement or limit the contacts of thirty thousand people in a city the size of Bucharest. There is a simple test which emphasises this. I was able to take photographs when and where I wished. No one asked me where I was going when I went out alone; no one could possibly have followed me. Whenever I found anyone with whom I had a common language, I talked, and enough of those with whom I talked declared themselves critics or even opponents of the regime for me to get some idea of conditions and the cross-currents of opinion.

Perhaps they felt relaxed under Festival conditions. But there seems little doubt that this mood of relaxation, of which the Festival was one expression, is part of the general shift in Communist policy. I talked to a number of people who had been at the previous Festival, two years ago in East Berlin, and they told me how different the atmosphere was from the tense note struck at the Berlin Festival. "This time," said one of them, "fraternity has replaced

defiance." I met several responsible Communists who were willing to admit and discuss mistakes and causes of friction, and to concede that the motives of other nations might not be so dubious after all. With some, though not all, it was even possible to have a rational argument about Marshal Tito, and I was told that the absence of Yugoslav delegates was due to a refusal from Belgrade and not to the lack of an invitation.

It is as hard to discern the facts about the changes now occurring in Eastern Europe as it is difficult to interpret them. But they have a coherent pattern, and the Bucharest Festival certainly has a place in it. Apart from anything else, it was an extraordinary chance to see from the inside what looks so obscure and puzzling from without. It is strange that so few journalists and observers from the West took advantage of it, and that some of those who did were content to sneer at the jamboree and spend their time delving for smear stories. During the Cold War, some people seem to have lost their sense of news-value along with their sense of decency.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Southern Cross

I. Old Wine in New Bottles

This year of grace has enlivened South African politics with a smashing defeat for the "moderate racialists" in last April's general election, and the setting of the stage for another bout of racialism in its more extreme and cruel forms. To most of us outside South Africa, all this looks like crisis, violent crisis. Does it seem so to White South Africans? What are they doing about it, if they are doing anything; and where do they think they are going?

The United Party's failure at the polls was certainly not for want of trying. Its organisation never was better; and its leaders ignored no electoral manœuvre which might have helped them, playing all the tricks of the trade to the top of their bent. In fact, they became so wrathfully and respectably racialist (in order to "reassure" voters who might otherwise vote Nationalist) that even Nationalists were now and then made to seem daringly enlightened. There were cases, for example, when United Party speakers bitterly arraigned the "Nats" for over-spending on African education. Nothing was left undone that might be done—except, unhappily, an appeal to reason, courage, and common decency. The electors of Eatanswill could not have been more flattered, fooled, and generally inflated with nonsense than were the worthy "moderate racialists" of South Africa. And all to no avail. Mr. Strauss and his friends were licked, in fair fight, foul for foul, and driven from the field.

The post-mortems were soon over. They were painful and a little nauseous, because the defeat had to be explained and yet nobody, in the end, explained it. Perhaps it is rather much to ask an explanation of people whose interests are so well served by the present dispensation of White man and Black man. De Beers, after all, has paid no annual dividend of less than 90 per cent. since 1946 (when its dividend was 80 per cent.); and De Beers is by no means the only pillar of the United Party's brand of civilisation. Even so, many people in the United Party were far from satisfied; and out of this dissatisfaction there have now arisen two new political parties in South Africa. These two new parties, the Federal Party and the Liberal Party, are worth some thought because they reflect pretty accurately the conclusions which many anti-Nationalists drew from being soundly beaten.

It was Hofmeyr's failure, many years ago, not to have formed a Liberal Party. Now this party comes upon the scene at a moment very desperate for liberalism. Its leading figures number a handful of well-known "Left-wingers" in the United Party. There is Mrs. Margaret Ballinger, who has long represented one of the three African seats in Parliament, and whose sincerity and humanism are recognised even by her worst enemies. There is Leo Marquard, an anti-Nationalist Afrikaner who belongs to the best of his nation, although nowadays it is a very cautious best; and there are several others of equal calibre.

Their programme is still in gestation, but they want to act as a political party and put up candidates. They stand "for the dignity of the individual and the maintenance and extension of human rights." One of their chief functions, they say, will be "to build bridges between Europeans and non-Europeans who believe that the principles of political morality and justice must be applied to all sections of the community in South Africa." Their party's membership is declared open to all South Africans irrespective of race, creed, colour—or lack of voting rights.

On the face of it, this programme might be expected to draw sympathy from those many Whites who feel that things simply cannot go on as they are if South Africa is to be saved from bloodshed and from final ruin. And yet it does not seem to be having that effect. Some of these Whites have simply accepted defeat, and averted their eyes from anything but their daily business. Others have preferred to join the new Federal Party. Others again—and some of the best of this liberal minority—have stayed within the United Party on the grounds that it is still more useful to go on "boring from within," rather than hiving off into a small and perhaps sectarian group that is lost in the wilderness. People like this ask how the Liberal Party thinks it will manage to "broaden the franchise"—when, since 1936, the franchise can be altered only by a two-thirds majority of both Houses of Parliament sitting together? And a fourth category of liberals, those with more markedly Left-wing views, have said that a programme couched in such grandiose generalities can mean precisely nothing at all; and that a Liberal Party in South Africa can be significant only if it grasps the nettle and comes out squarely for full-scale racial co-operation against oppression—something which this Liberal Party, they say, has no intention of doing.

The truth of the matter seems to be that liberalism in its traditionally South African function has lost its virtue. Mrs. Ballinger and her handful of friends have done fine work in making a representative link between the silent masses of Africans and the all-powerful authorities. They have listened to the non-Whites, and they have tried to tell the Whites what they have heard. Here and there they have scored small successes, lightened hardships, lessened penalties, won partial concessions; but it is no under-estimation of this work of mercy to say that generally—and perhaps inevitably—they have failed.

If the Whites have shifted their ground, however, so also have the non-Whites. After the tremendous example of non-violent resistance in 1952 and the early weeks of this year, Africans and Indians are beginning to ask of liberals a good deal more than kindly solicitude for their welfare. They want more than a "bridge" between Whites and non-Whites. They are now prepared to like, trust, and follow only those Whites who come out boldly on their side—not in a racialist or sectarian sense but as fellow-fighters for a freedom which all may share. Professor Z. K. Matthews, a notably "moderate" African leader, put this clearly in a recent article about liberals. "The big question," he wrote, "is the extent to which these groups are going to seek the co-operation of the non-Whites. The question is whether they have enough strength and enough ability to overcome the reluctance of the average liberal White South African to work *with* instead of *for* the Africans."

In practical terms, this means a new non-White demand for equality in the franchise, for "votes for all." Representative Africans and Indians will not listen to the arguments for Mrs. Ballinger's "limited franchise," no matter how tactically wise this device may seem to liberals who do not want to cut themselves off from the bulk of their fellow-countrymen. They will listen only to men and women who stand fully for racial equality, whether they belong to the brave little band of progressives who have never feared to grasp this nettle, or whether they are rare individuals like Patrick Duncan, whose inspiration is religious. These are the reasons why this new Liberal Party stands in danger of falling between two stools—of gaining support neither from Whites nor from non-Whites; and of suffering the same frustration as the South African Labour Party has suffered.

What the new Federal Party stands for was succinctly expressed some weeks ago by Dr. Keppel-Jones, one of its most distinguished supporters. "It must be emphasised again and again," he said, "that the Nationalists will not be removed by any constitutional or peaceful means . . . Those to whom subjection to these rulers is intolerable have only the alternatives: rescuing a part of the Union from this subjection, or rescuing themselves by emigration. Moving to Durban would be simpler than moving to Melbourne." What the Federal Party proposes, in short—other than certain nebulous ideas about a federation of all the countries of Southern Africa—is that the province of Natal should separate from its three sister-provinces, and thus save itself from an otherwise intolerable government.

The trouble here is that the Federal Party is nothing if not a Natalian party, and the English of Natal are accustomed to practise on "their" Indians and Africans the same forms of racial oppression that the Afrikaners practise elsewhere. A quasi-independent Natal—even if economically thinkable—might assure "the English" of their continued supremacy: it would remove none of the evils which curse the rest of the Union with racialist strife.

The great washed masses of the United Party, meanwhile, have returned to their golf and their bridge and their gossip. Its leaders are busy, as usual, in misrepresenting the situation; and there is nothing to show that they have drawn any lessons about themselves from their defeat at the polls. To give South Africa a lease of new life needs heroism and self-sacrifice; but to say this in South Africa today is almost a legal offence—an incitement to "disorder"—that is punishable with fines and lashing and imprisonment. Knowing inwardly that the Nationalists are really doing their own business for them, and convinced that in some way or other they can reach agreement with the Nationalists on the all-important matter of saving "White civilisation," the bulk of English-speaking South Africa sits back and shouts for another drink. Its leaders have spent and are spending much time and trouble in attempting to reach a "respectable compromise" with the Nationalists: in one way or another, no doubt, they will pull it off, and then everyone can settle down again to a less strenuous exercise of White supremacy.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Back to Life

II. Government Training Centres

Governments, you might think, have no need for stealth in doing good. Indeed if a "vocational training scheme" like our own were operating in Russia, every Russian able to read simple words or follow a drawing would be proudly aware of the main outlines of it. Here, you can get leaflets about it—handfuls of them—if you ask at a "local office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service," which is what you and I would call a Labour Exchange. But the eagerness of the response suggests that relatively few people ask; and, even among those eligible for training, some will not admit their illnesses, either through pride or because the admission may jeopardise their chances of getting a job.

In 1945 the scheme had two main objectives. One was to resettle men and women whose careers had been interrupted by the war, preference being given to the disabled. It applied to civilian war service as well as to the armed forces; but the eligibility of both had come to an end by December, 1948, and in their case the scheme is now dwindling. Its other object was to meet shortages of skilled labour in trades of peace-time importance, especially building. And when the 1947 cuts in capital expenditure hit the building programme, training of this kind was limited to the disabled and more attention given to miscellaneous trades of national importance. In 1950 the training was thrown open to all men and women coming out of the *regular* armed forces. And today it is open also to any suitable person, able-bodied or not, who is "not already qualified for skilled work of a kind giving reasonable prospects of regular employment."

This interesting criterion of "reasonable prospects" runs throughout the Ministry's literature on vocational training; and its interpretation, I found, entails a healthy recognition that a man's chances are to be estimated—guessed is almost the word—by a few empiricists on the spot. From a man's first contacts at the Labour Exchange to the time when he is accepted (or re-accepted) into industry, he meets a shrewd workaday industrial psychology that considers the temperament, personality, and health of the man himself to be as important as the training available or the state of the market. Equally interested in the meaning of "disablement," I discovered its elasticity while I was talking, in the printing and bookbinding shop at a Training Centre, to an extremely slow-witted trainee with a broken nose who turned out to be a former professional boxer, long unemployably punch-drunk.

Many of the disabled in these Training Centres have come through the Industrial Rehabilitation Units to which I referred in a previous article. There is frequent disappointment among "I.R.U." staffs when one of these people is turned down at the Training Centre; and I heard the complaint among I.R.U. instructors that a few unlucky victims must be turned down *pour encourager les autres* and to give the thing an air of verisimilitude. I can much more easily suspect that every nagging demand for economy is met by a tightening-up in the admission of trainees, a little more insistence on a "return for the taxpayers' money." But the trouble is nearly always illiteracy plus low-grade mental ability—in a word, the problem of the unteachable. The people turned down at Training Centres are sent, as a rule (and if they will go), to Remploy factories—of which I will write in a concluding article. But it seems to me that there is scope, in this exciting new social science of revitalising the derelict, for an intermediate course between the "I.R.U." and the Training Centre, which would be purely educational. In the past few years, and especially in the armed forces, it has been found that the unteachable can be taught.

I believe I can best portray the whole process by selecting a typical story from the scores I came across. A self-employed cabinet-maker, suddenly contracted heart trouble, and was unable to continue work. Having been in and out of hospital for several months, he was at last readmitted to a bed in the obvious expectation that he couldn't live more than a few days. By one of those miracles that confound the doctors and establish the patient as a kind of nurses' mascot, he survived and rallied sufficiently to be adjudged able to do a completely sedentary job at home. The lady almoner recommended him for a vocational training course at a Training Centre. The twelve-months' watch-and-clock-repairing course was selected—during which, as it happened, he was taken to and from his home every day in a cab paid for by a special fund at the hospital. The manager of the Training Centre wore down the local housing manager until the new watch-and-clock man (then living in a crowded couple of rooms) was allocated a "prefab." The woodwork class at the Centre made him a watchmaker's bench. The Ministry of Labour supplied an electrical lathe and tools to the value of about £60 (which, by the way, the Select Committee on Estimates think he ought to pay back by instalments). And a man who, thirty years ago, would have died dejectedly after some uncertain period of uselessness, is now again a business man in his own right. I went to see him, and heard the whole story from him and his young wife. He is a man of resilience and determination; but given those qualities, the story could be repeated a thousandfold. The very qualities themselves may well be a product of the training.

The Select Committee on Estimates found in 1951 that Government Training Centres "provided more space than was necessary for the work done." As one of the original purposes of the Centres neared fulfilment—the resettlement of Service men—the Centres had to give up shops and administrative buildings to other departments, especially to Remploy. The process was accelerated by the visit of the Committee on Estimates, and I actually found evidence of crowding—particularly in engineering and woodworking shops. It is true that there is also some uneven use of floor-space. I saw four men being trained as hairdressers (free haircuts, by the way, for any citizen who cares to call in and offer up his head for practice) in a shop where an enterprising hairdresser would have had thirty assistants; while a typewriter mechanic's course next door laboured enviously in inadequate space. But most changes of use involve structural alteration, which in turn involves the Ministry of Works; and thus two spending Departments find themselves, as so often, seeking to save money at each other's expense.

What does it all cost us? A million and a half in 1951-2, for the training of about 3,500 men and women at a cost of twelve guineas a week each. That cost includes tax-free allowances for subsistence and lodging, fixed so as to produce an income rather below the general run of wages in industry. But the return on this money is not to be calculated in cash terms; and the rather cynical rule of economics that depresses salaries in jobs that satisfy any urge for social service is reflected in the pay of the instructors, who could often earn twice their present pay in outside industry. The instructors are craftsmen recruited from industry (at the rate of one to a dozen trainees) by advertisement or through the Labour Exchanges. They have no special training in dealing with disabled and neurotic people—"but you pretty soon learn," one of them assured me, "and if there's one place where an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory, this is it."

I saw an occasional sign that an ounce of theory might be all to the good, and a tendency to take for granted that it is for the trainees' good that they should all be together—the deformed, the spastic, the tuberculous, the deaf and dumb, the epileptic, the psycho-neurotic—under what might be called non-clinical conditions. On a subjective snap-judgment, I doubt that it would be good for me. But I would go to great lengths to convince those enthusiastic and well-meaning instructors that it was. All the trainees I spoke to were briefly and cheerfully communicative—there is a constant round of visitors at the Training Centres. Tumbled off a ladder, they said, caught silicosis in the mines, fell against a circular saw, strained my heart loading barges—and that rapidly growing diagnostic fashion, slipped disc. But there is a noticeable difference between these and the able-bodied people who are there to train for a change of job, who have an enthusiasm of their own. These, by the way, seemed to me a quite separate justification of the whole scheme: the misery of men in wrong jobs is vast, socially expensive, and too stoically borne by those in jobs they can do.

I heard three kinds of complaint. First, instructors complaining that other instructors were not good enough—two of these were mutually exclusive. Second, the premises are too drab and institutional; this made me dread, vicariously, the day when the complainants go out to real factories. And third, the canteen dinners were insufficiently varied, too small, and too large. They looked good to me, but you never can tell. "Do you always have the same dinner as the trainees?" I asked one manager and his staff of instructors. "You'll see," they said; "they've got roast lamb today." We had chicken.

C. H. Rolph

Colour Shadows in Korea

In the mind of a Negro American correspondent newly arrived in Korea after six months in colonial-conscious Asia, racial and imperialistic issues may well tend to be uppermost. Objectively, however, after a short stay in this troubled land one can find scattered pieces of evidence that, truce or no truce, the White West has not heard the last word of resentment from Korea, North and South, over its overbearing attitudes of colour and colonial superiority.

Propaganda-wise, the North Koreans are capitalising on the American pattern of racial segregation. In the neutral zone of Panmunjom recently, as American, North Korean and Chinese negotiators met in executive session, a fellow American correspondent and I learned from an English-speaking North Korean correspondent that *Deep Are The Roots*, by Arnaud d'Usseau—the play about the impact of home-town racism on a returning Negro soldier in 1945 (a play with relevance, quite obviously, in 1953)—was then playing, in Korean translation, to large audiences in Kaesong, a few miles north of Panmunjom on the 38th Parallel.

Later the North Korean journalist returned to Panmunjom from much-bombed and nearly

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levelled Kaesong and gave my colleague and me photographs of some of the actors and scenes from the play. Kaesong, at the edge of the neutral zone, has for long been free of bombing, and amidst the ruins of war the Communist leaders have been using drama to convey to their populace an anti-White Supremacy message—a serious anthropological and political message to which the U.S. generals and U.S. Government have no effective answer. For both North and South Koreans this is the year 4286 in the history of their country, and they quite naturally don't go for any doctrine of colour superiority emanating from "upstart" Westerners. Editorials, broadcasts and other propaganda broadsides from Peking have since 1950 pounded into the Chinese people a sense of nationalistic satisfaction and pride that the "arrogant Whites" who so long divided up and despoiled China and the rest of Asia have been checked and frustrated above the 38th Parallel by the "despised" yellow race—by the scorned "gooks."

In Seoul, 20 miles south of Panmunjom, acting on a "tip," I visited Evacuation Hospital No. 36 of the R.O.K. (Republic of Korea) Army. The outstanding fact about this and other R.O.K. Army hospitals—all exclusively for South Korean soldiers—is that they are far inferior in equipment and resources and staff to hospitals for American GIs and soldiers of the other 15 nationalities fighting in Korea. No. 36 has 450 beds but 700 patients—with the surplus groaning men lying pathetically on stretchers in corridors. The stretchers have blankets but no sheets. Making the best out of what little is available, 17 proud doctors and 13 nurses try to operate this overcrowded, grim-looking institution. The eye, skin and urology "sections" are bare rooms, almost wholly devoid of any equipment. The "dispensary" had hardly 500 bottles scattered along its quasi-empty shelves. The food was not only skimpy but distinctly unappetising. Supplies, such as they are, are parcelled out from the U.S. Army as U.N. administrative agent. Anyone familiar with the hoary rationalisations for racial segregation in America would be able to predict the stock phrases offered to justify these segregated hospitals for Koreans. And, to be fair, the language barrier might well, for convenience's sake, be adequate reason, *other things being equal*, for Korean doctors to treat Korean soldiers, if not in segregated hospitals then at least in separate wards of U.N. hospitals. But other things are *not* equal, inasmuch as the hospitals for American and other GIs are superior. None of the better-trained Western doctors in Korea are even loaned or assigned to the Korean Army hospitals as consultants or residents.

Despite a certain racial sympathy for and self-identification with the pushed-around South Koreans and despite fraternisation with South Koreans in the many and extensive areas technically "off limits" to U.N. personnel, war-weary Negro GIs in Korea apparently share in full the world-wide hostility to Syngman Rhee personally for his release of the 25,000 prisoners-of-war and for the consequent delay to the truce. Among the Negro soldiers with whom I spoke in the few days before the truce was one who was driving a jeep in our press correspondents' convoy from Munsan, behind the U.N. lines, through "no-man's-land" (where signs command "No Weapons Allowed") up the dusty road to Panmunjom. His sharp and salty words were largely unprintable, but he concluded by saying: "That scummy so-and-so sure has messed me up. I might of been on my way home by now. If I ever meet up with that blankety-blank, I'll shoot him."

Panmunjom. WILLIAM WORTHY

All Robbers?

(By a British Medical Practitioner)

"Aw, Jeese, they're all robbers," said the taxi-cab driver in Boston referring to the high cost of medical care in the U.S. An American doctor, David M. Heyman, expressed it somewhat differently when he said not long ago, "To put it bluntly, medicine, especially in its specialised branches is gradually pricing itself out of the market." At the present rate of exchange, a visit to the doctor's surgery in the United States costs 21s.-35s.; a home visit 35s.-70s. and a week in hospital (excluding medical fees) £28-£49. Medicine commonly costs 35s. or more per prescription. Dentists' fees are correspondingly high. An English friend in New York had to pay £12. 5s for a single, rather difficult, filling which required several attendances.

The present rather artificial rate of exchange makes it difficult to estimate the true cost of these services to Americans. Nevertheless, when all allowances are made, medical and dental fees are excessively high and are becoming increasingly burdensome to all but the well-to-do. The high cost of medical care has led to a rapid growth of medical insurance schemes. Some of these are run by private insurance companies and may provide for simple cash benefits at times of illness or they may indemnify against a limited amount in medical fees or hospital expenses. Insurance may be taken out against single illnesses: for example, poliomyelitis; and agents do a brisk business in districts where cases of this much-feared complaint appear. Other schemes are non-profit making and often supported and partly administered by the medical profession, the most well known being the Blue Cross and Blue Shield schemes. A typical Blue Cross scheme in Massachusetts covers part of the board, lodging and nursing charges for hospital in-patient treatment; and the Blue Shield scheme covers medical and surgical fees in hospital and usually surgical and obstetrical fees in the home. There are numerous exclusions. It does not cover, for example, the ordinary visit to the doctor for medical advice and treatment, the cost of medicines or the hospital treatment of tuberculosis or mental illness, or hospital charges for any chronic disease for more than 120 days in a year.

The Blue Cross-Blue Shield schemes vary from State to State. The annual premium in Massachusetts for a family with two or more children covering both schemes varies from £24-£49 p.a. according to income and type of plan. Those over 65 are excluded. Steadily increasing costs have necessitated frequent increases in the premiums. The method of payment of doctors under the Blue Shield scheme is wide open to abuse. Under the Blue Shield programme, every conceivable item of service is priced. In one State, a certain amount is paid for the removal of a sebaceous cyst of the face or scalp if it measures less than one inch in diameter, and a higher fee if it is an inch or more in diameter. It turns out that there are surprisingly few cysts under one inch in diameter in that State! For a given disease, one type of treatment may command a higher fee than another. This occasionally encourages the administration of treatment of doubtful value. Such practices inflate the cost of the scheme and lead to constantly rising premiums. With the normal increases in the cost of medical care which have occurred everywhere, plus this tendency to inflate charges, it is not surprising to find that 4 per cent. of the United States national income was spent on medical services, compared with 3 per cent. in Great Britain—where, incidentally, the coverage is much greater.

Since the Republicans came to power, opposition to a national or state comprehensive health insurance scheme has hardened. This is no doubt partly the result of the enormous sums spent on propaganda by the American Medical Association and partly due to the determination of the administration to reduce federal expenditure. Nevertheless, there are powerful forces working towards the introduction of comprehensive health insurance. The commission set up by President Truman, under the chairmanship of Dr. Magnuson, recently issued its five-volume report which clearly depicted the need for increased health insurance. One of the most interesting of the various schemes that have grown up in response to the need for prepaid medical care is the Health Insurance Plan of New York. This scheme consists of a central administrative office and 30 Health Centres in Greater New York. It covers 400,000 people. Membership, which may include the whole family, must be obtained through organised groups such as unions and factories. The reason for this is to ensure that a normal proportion of healthy people come into the scheme. The premium is £10. 10s. per annum for a single employee or £35 per annum for an employee with two or more dependants.

Under this scheme, the member obtains a general medical service from the family physician of his choice and pædiatric and other specialist advice and treatment when necessary. Medicines may be purchased at the health centre dispensary at cost plus 20 per cent. One centre visited, which covered 19,000 members, had the following staff:

14 Family physicians (5 whole time).
35 Specialists, mainly part-time.
5 Physiotherapists.
1 Social worker who was also a psychiatric social worker.
1 Clinical psychologist.
1 Dietitian.
7 Nurses (1 registered, 6 practical).
7 Part-time laboratory technicians.

The doctors working in the centre act as a partnership and divide the income amongst themselves on the basis of time expended, experience and seniority, after overheads have been deducted. I was told that the whole-time family physician earned about £6,000 a year. The scheme is being opposed by the American Medical Association on the grounds that the patient has not complete free choice of doctor,

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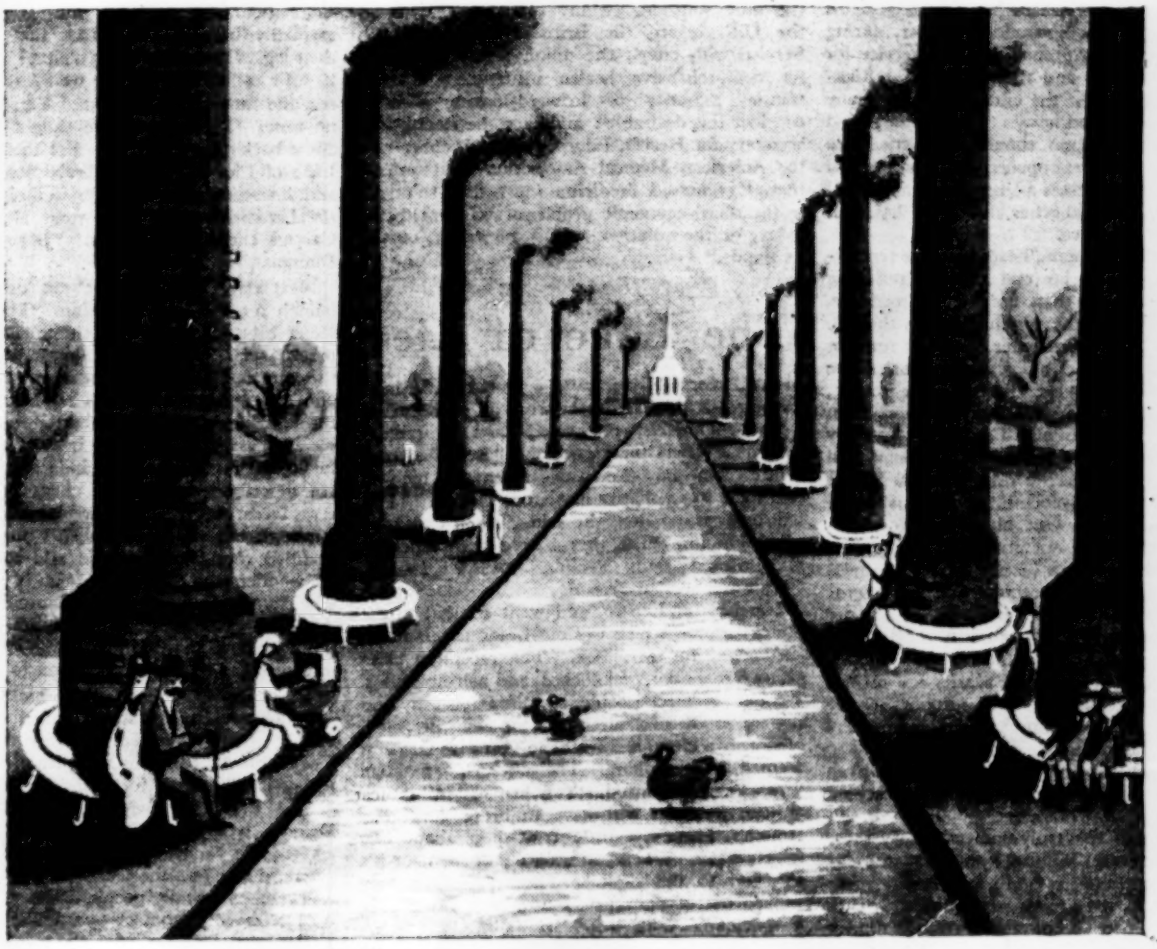
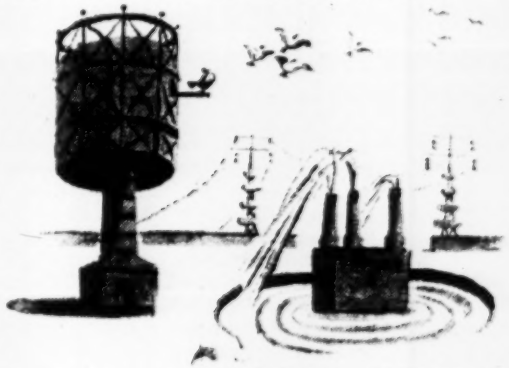


Schweppshire Shows the Way

6. GASWORKS REVIVAL

Once more, by a precise interpretation of the present, we anticipate the future. Nuclear heating has introduced a new fashion. In our cities, run without coal, gas or electricity, the atomic age has reduced power plants to the size of cigarette lighters. Our streets are deserts of cleanliness and glare. But Schweppshire provides its own antidote with the Return to Smoke. Factory styles are in fashion. Keynoting is the dovecote shaped like a gasometer, the yew hedge clipped to a pylon shape. Lord Schwepstow's magnificent summer-house is constructed in "Waterloo Station Grid". In the public park the rock plants are prettily disposed on the mock slag heap. Between borders of "Goodsyard" docks and "Bomsite" thistles, our damsels of fashion display their new grease-patterned overalls, with the new "Coledust" make-up to match. In this glimpse of a Fogschwepster Park, observe the pleasant perschweptive of smokestacks, with real smoke* from actual fires to veil the remorseless Fogschwepster sunlight from our eyes.

** The practice of representing smoke with plumes of gauze strikes a false note, as is rightly pointed out, in his essay, Pseudo Gasworks, by John Schweppman.*



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

as only a doctor working in the scheme may be selected by an H.I.P. subscriber.

Another scheme to provide a comprehensive service on an insurance basis is situated on the Pacific coast—the Permanente scheme. This was started by the ship-builder, Kaiser, during the war to provide a prepaid medical service for 80,000 ship workers and their families at Richmond, California. At the end of the war many of the workers drifted away. Those who stayed asked that the scheme should be carried on. Subsequently, it was opened to the general public and now possesses a large modern hospital at Oakland and several other clinics and hospitals in neighbouring States.

In one new Permanente hospital, some remarkable innovations in hospital design are being introduced. Rather than use centre corridors, "visitors will reach the patients' rooms through sliding glass doors from outer corridors running along two sides of each floor. Both walls of the outside corridor are glass from floor to ceiling, while curtains operated by electric motors from the patient's bedside afford complete privacy during visiting hours. Nurses' duty rooms will be designed to reduce the distances that nurses have to walk to one-seventh of what is usual. Beds will be fitted with electric motors and patients taken to the operating theatre in their beds." The Permanente service includes hospital and general medical treatment in out-patients and in the home, and the premium is £36 per annum for a man, wife and two or more children. There are certain important exclusions such as operations for the removal of tonsils and care in pregnancy and childbirth. It seemed to the writer to be the "best buy" in prepaid medical care in the United States. This scheme has also incurred much hostility from the American Medical Association, although it is now accepted by some of the local branches.

In addition to the truly indigent—i.e., those dependent on Social Welfare payments, who can obtain free hospital care in city and county hospitals—there is growing up in the U.S. another class—the "medically indigent." These cannot afford the fees of a family doctor and depend on the local pharmacist or hospital out-patient services for medical care. Comparatively few can afford the premiums for prepaid medical care. In Boston, it is estimated that 38 per cent. of the population are indigent or medically indigent.

Free medical enterprise in the U.S.A. does not cope with large areas of medical need. This includes the domiciliary treatment of the indigent and the lower-paid workers, the hospital treatment of sufferers from tuberculosis, mental disease, drug addiction and chronic disabling illness. The veterans' hospitals are also provided by the Federal Government. The shrinking field of private practice has aggravated commercialisation in medicine. For example, Dr. Paul Hawley, executive director of the American College of Surgeons, recently attacked fee-splitting by a minority of doctors, unnecessary surgery and ghost surgery—that is, operation by a substitute doctor. A few years ago, some at least of these practices were not unknown here and their existence in the U.S. should not obscure the fact that most U.S. doctors give fair and honest service and that their best hospitals are second to none.

Modern medical treatment has become so expensive in the U.S. as elsewhere, that it is beyond the means of most families to bear the cost of serious and prolonged illness. So far, neither the medical profession nor private or public agencies have succeeded in devising a satisfactory comprehensive scheme for prepaid medical care based on voluntary insurance. Some scheme of compulsory comprehensive national health insurance, such as has been adopted by nearly every civilised nation, would appear to be the only solution. Many ordinary citizens in the U.S. regard the British National Health Service with envy; the unions desire a scheme for comprehensive health insurance; a substantial minority of forward-looking doctors consider this desirable; and even the Republican secretary for Health, Education and Welfare told the American Medical Association this summer that, "organised medicine must find solutions to the social-economic problems facing medicine today, or the solution would be taken out of its hands."

The Lake of Lies

ONCE I worked for a travel agency called Magic Carpets. It possessed a network all over Europe—its own hotels, uniformed men at railway stations, couriers for parties and "Reps." at each centre. One day the manager sent for me and told me I was going to be sent to Legaro. "You will be assisting Box," he said. When I told the people in the office, they roared with laughter. Old Box, they said. Terrific. "Why?" I asked. "Wait and see," they said.

I arrived at Legaro, and went straight to the Hotel Cosmos, which was our headquarters hotel, and asked for Mr. Box. The reception clerk pointed to a door. I knocked, and half-opened it. I could see three people, a voluminous lady and two men behind desks. One of the men, obviously a clerk, had his hand up to his face and seemed to be choking. The other was speaking. "Yes, Mrs. Robinson. You can get tea in the lounge, but you will have to bring your own lemon. There's a little fruit-shop about two streets away. When you walk out of the door it's the first to the right." The voluminous lady walked out of the office, muttering "Bring your own lemon. What next?"

I went inside and waited. The man behind the desk in front of me was, I felt sure, Box. He was short, untidily dressed, and had hair that might or might not have been a wig. Yet there was something vaguely compelling, distinguished about him. He was chattering into the telephone in what I took to be dialect, then he replaced the receiver and said to the other man: "Carlo, our Rep. in Zurich has been shot." Carlo took no notice; his hand was still in front of his face. Then Box looked at me with distaste. "You are Carson?" "Yes," I said. "The police have called about you. Did you pass through Lucerne?" "As a matter of fact I did," I said. "Precisely," said Box. "They were the Lucerne police; nothing to do with me, but it's a bad beginning."

I was so perplexed by what Box had said that I walked round to the Amoroso, where another Assistant Rep. called Daunou was host. Daunou listened to my story with delight, smacking his lips like a brandy-connoisseur. "A delicious Box," he said. "When I first arrived here, Box told me there'd been a phone call about a woman jumping out of the window. They'd traced me, he said. You'll get used to Box in time. He does it to everybody. Even the clients. There was a respectable old couple who had booked a fortnight at the Cosmos. When they arrived, Box pointed out a bloody great mountain across the lake, and said he had arranged accommodation for them on top of it. A sort of hotel, he said. Everywhere else was full; Head Office had made a mistake. The old couple stared up at the mountain and trembled. 'How do we get up and down?' they asked. 'By bucket,' said Box with a grave face. 'There's a fairly safe cable across the lake. They've mended it since the accident.' After hours of protests and entreaties, they gradually became aware that Box was pulling their leg. Did you hear his dialect? He invented it. We call it Boxing, and we all speak it. You see, the fantasy is infectious. You'll catch it in no time. The clients have caught it, and they come back year after year. For them, this is the Lake of Lies that feeds starved souls. Just lies and love-making." Daunou walked me back to the Paradiso telling me a story about a Magic Carpets client called Doris. "Begs for it" said Daunou.

Next day, Box took me out on the motor-launch for the lake excursion. The water was violet blue, and across it shimmered a haze of mountains. Some clients appeared and entered the launch, Box flung out a scrap of Box dialect, and we chugged off. "This lake," said Box through a megaphone, "is bottomless. The villa we are passing on our left belongs to an Indian rajah and is the scene of indescribable orgies." He described some. The clients listened with rapt faces; they had heard it year after year. Through the starving English winters they had huddled round the fire and said to each other, "I wonder how the Indian rajah is getting on?" The launch chugged on to Campione, past the rose pink casino built by Mussolini, and on past the woods of San Giorgio. "Famous for its monkeys," said Box, breaking off to speak to the boatman in Boxing.

I took over the Paradiso, smiled at the Magic Carpet guests, collected excursion tickets, made love and lied. I lied my way steadily through the Rhone glacier, San Moritz and Pontresina. Each of the Reps. improvised on a general theme. Daunou would wait until all his clients had entered the tunnel through the glacier and then shout "Look out, the ice is melting!" Daunou was good at calming people down afterwards and was deservedly popular—particularly with past victims, who gloated over the other tourists. I specialised with the lake, Gandria, Morcote, Campione, a village as bright as a charm, guarded by the chapel of the Madonna of the Swifts and a consolation of inky cypresses. Over the sly waters I led my parties. "There are land-locked sharks in this lake," I said.

The season came to an end. The clients left, shaking Box's hand, "Good-bye, Mr. Box, good-bye. We'll be back next year." "Good-bye," said Box. His thoughts were inscrutable, he didn't seem to care, perhaps he hated them all. Soon there were no English left, except for an old man in the Gorgeous who lived on fruit.

Before I was sent back to London, I had a drink with Box in a café near the Cosmos. "I'm a terribly lonely man," said Box suddenly. I looked at him with amazement. Here was the lost, hopeless, seedy face of a clown off guard. "I am sad beyond words," he said. "If I were a writer, I should be impossibly harrowing. Judge for yourself. During the war I was sent East in a troop-ship. We were torpedoed. Only ten of us managed to get to a raft. We were on it for three weeks. Three were eaten by sharks, and five went mad. They never stopped shouting. Finally, there were only two of us, clinging to each other, night and day. He was a little fellow with dyed hair, a pansy, who was always getting his leg pulled on the voyage. They called him 'Mirabelle.' But there he was, the only other survivor in the middle of an empty ocean, making outrageous jokes and talking about sailors. It is not only he-men who have guts.

"In the end we were seen by a Swedish ship. Mirabelle swam over to her boat, and was being hauled in when a shark bit off his leg. I lost consciousness. When I woke up I was in a Japanese hospital. I was shrivelled up like a monkey and had lost my hair. I kept on crying out for Mirabelle because I thought I was still on the raft. In the end they brought him to me, and we kept on clinging to each other night and day for a month. He recovered fairly quickly and created a scandal. Some Chinese kitchen hand. He was sentenced to something or other. That's my story. Have another drink?" I looked at him. Pathos had been ironed off his face; his eyes were malicious. "You didn't know I wore a wig, did you?" I started to laugh. Box was a brilliant liar.

When I got back to London I subsided slowly again into the defeated monotony of past lives. One day I was looking through a file of old newspapers and came across Box's story. As he had told it to me. And he had been decorated by the King.

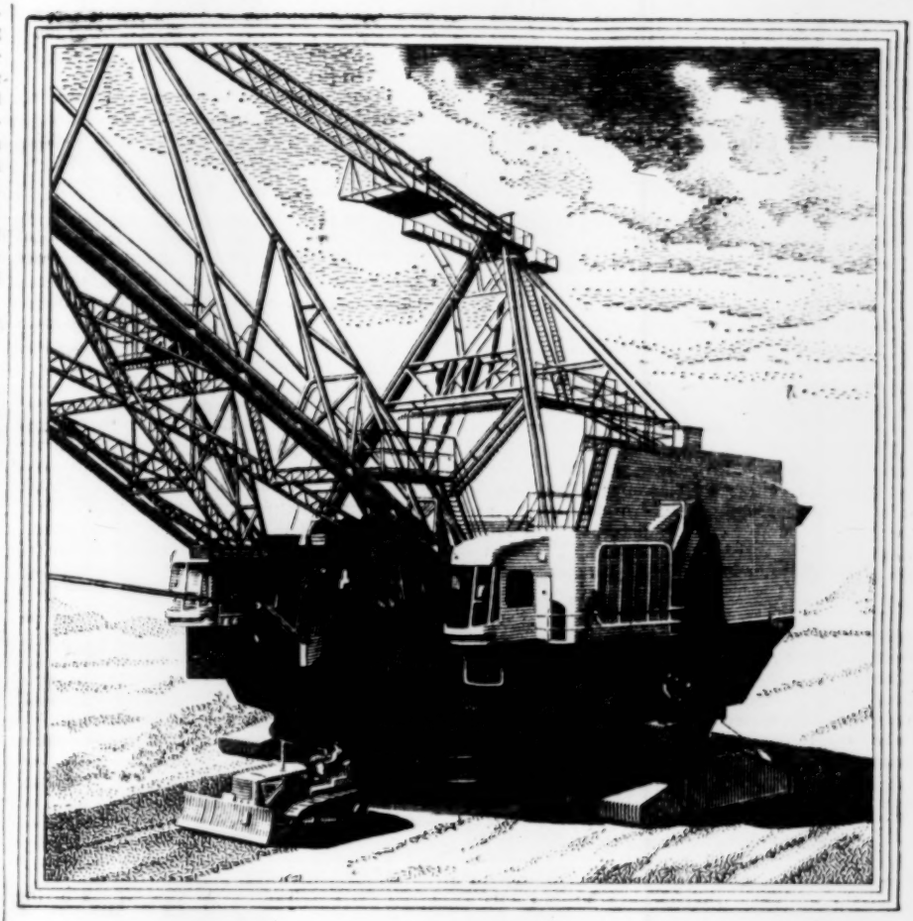
ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

BAYREUTH

ONE of the aims at Bayreuth now is that nothing in Wagner's operas shall seem ridiculous. In other opera houses there is a tacit acceptance that at certain points the audience must refuse to allow the stage-picture to influence their idea of the opera. When a pasteboard swan and fat tenor jerk sideways into view, when a massive temptress enfolds Parsifal, we cease to watch music-drama, but cultivate a special sort of disbelief: we are so accustomed to the Wagnerian physique, and to the traditional method of staging, that we do not smile, but accept them readily, "for the sake of the music." At Bayreuth it comes almost as a shock to see the drama played convincingly. People have claimed that the absence of representational scenery in *The Ring*, *Tristan* and *Parsifal* enabled one "to concentrate on the music." In fact the reverse is true: perhaps for the first time, we need no longer concentrate solely on the music, but can enjoy both music and drama at once.

That is why Bayreuth is, once more, the ideal place for seeing Wagner. During the three post-war years of the Festival, Wagner's grandsons, Wieland and Wolfgang, have evolved a method of production and built up a team of singers with which the operas can be presented to modern listeners in such a way that their seriousness, their greatness, make an impact hardly attainable anywhere else. The method of production is not in itself new. Similar stage settings can be found in Gordon Craig's design books; the idea of playing out a drama in "timeless space," with an indefinite background and a minimum of properties, has often been tried before. But never so wholeheartedly with Wagner. When the lights come up on the second scene of *Das Rheingold* we see a circular platform, very steeply raked, which fills most of the stage. Walhalla, a light-projection, towers in the background, just visible through encircling clouds. The whole of *The Ring* is played on this platform. As the Valkyrie's Rock it is left quite bare, sharply defined; sometimes it is flanked by crags; sometimes its edges disappear into shadowy projections of forest. In Nibelheim the circular form is invisible: we see only the figures moving through a murky grotto. In *Die Götterdämmerung*, Act II Scene I, the platform becomes a piece of land jutting out into the Rhine, and a forest leads to it from the back. So skilfully is it dressed that sometimes the circle seems enormous, sometimes quite small. The steep rake lends itself to tremendously impressive entrances at the back. Wieland Wagner is still experimenting with his *Ring*



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S.57

production and of course one of the advantages of creating scenery with light-projections is that he is not financially heavily committed to what may prove to be an unsatisfactory set. His indoor scenes—Hunding's hut, Mime's cave and, most of all, the Gibichung hall—are the least satisfactory. Particular difficulties arise when objects from the everyday world—a drinking horn, a meal cooking on the hearth—intrude into the "timeless space." For some reason or other Hagen no longer splits the drinking-horn in *Die Götterdämmerung*: he tucks it out of sight below the edge of the platform—one realises with a jolt that horns have to be kept somewhere, and that there is no place for cupboards or hooks on an abstract circular construction.

A similar difficulty arises in the first act of *Tristan*. The ship's pavilion is furnished with only a chair and a chest, and the chest holds nothing but Isolde's potions and her travelling-cloak. When Brangäne fetches these out, a confusion of idioms, realistic and non-naturalistic, is all too plain: one cannot help wondering where Isolde kept her other clothes! Thereafter *Tristan* calls for no properties, and so the production, on a steeply raked, almost entirely bare parabola, can proceed without incongruity. *Parsifal* is played with more definite, and visually very beautiful, suggestions of forest, Hall of the Grail, magic garden and castle.

Lohengrin, Wolfgang Wagner's first Bayreuth production and new this year, posed a different problem. The composer prided himself on his historically correct detail in this opera: the producer's task is to make credible the arrival of the swan in tenth-century Antwerp. Wolfgang Wagner uses architected settings of great distinction, and for the First Act towering tree-trunks and a clear blue sky. We see a chorus who look young and handsome, and move with conviction —"real" people faced with the threat of Hungarian invasion, instead of the usual shambling crew in ill-fitting wigs. When the swan looms into sight it looks so convincing that we, the audience, accept it with much the same sense of wonder and belief—"Welch' ein seltsam Wunder" —as is shown by the people on the stage. That is, its appearance calls for no *further* suspension of disbelief beyond that which we made when we entered the theatre.

Almost the most interesting thing about Bayreuth now, what makes it different from Wagner in the other great houses, is this immensely serious endeavour to re-create the music-drama of Wagner's intentions. Broadcasts and records give small idea of the performances. The singers, one and all, look their parts. This would be small virtue did it involve rejecting others who might sing better: but with few exceptions the singing was as good as we are likely to hear. Two superb artists, Hans Hotter (Wotan) and Ludwig Weber (Gurnemanz, King Mark and Fasolt) come to Bayreuth fully formed; but the perfect acoustic and noble production make them seem even more wonderful there. The others have largely been developed at Bayreuth itself. In the Stuttgart tenor, Wolfgang Windgassen, the Wagners have produced a Siegfried, Lohengrin and Parsifal, who looks convincingly young, who sings with free, ringing tones, and is clearly very intelligent. His Siegfried still lacks sheer vocal stamina: every other quality is there. Ramon Vinay, the other leading tenor, seems to grow into his roles. His third-year Tristan is magnificent, for his otherwise rather unwieldy, "thick" voice now focuses itself to the phrases of the part. His Parsifal and Siegmund are not yet so good: he cannot master, as can Windgassen, the "thrillingly soft tones" which Wagner calls for. The main sopranos, alternate Brunnhildes and Isoldes, are Astrid Varnay and Martha Mödl. Mödl's Brunnhilde divided opinion. Her intelligence is not in question; but she acts the part in an unsuitably modern idiom—she looks plucky, not heroic. Also, there are coarse, canvassy strands in the vocal texture, and her voice has not the dynamic reserves of a true *Brünnhildestimme*. Varnay's Isolde, everyone agreed, was perhaps the performance of her life so far. It seemed to realise every one of Wagner's intentions, and was thrilling to see and hear.

Varnay also sang a splendid Ortrud, to the sweet, pure, grave Elsa of Eleanor Steber. Other women were weaker. Ira Malaniuk has too much charm, too little forcefulness for Fricka. Regina Resnik, a Metropolitan second-string soprano, proved a dud Sieglinde. Among the men we must note a first-rate baritone, Hermann Uhde (Klingsor and Telramund), with strong forward tones and character-filled declamation: we should hear him at Covent Garden. In Erich Witte, Gustav Neidlinger and Paul Kühn, Bayreuth have found an ideal Loge, Alberich and Mime. Josef Greindl made a good Heinrich, but his bass tones were not black enough for Hagen.

The main Festival conductor this year was Joseph Keilberth, who emerged as a fine, serious interpreter of *The Ring* and *Lohengrin*. Eugen Jochum's *Tristan* was excellent—at once passionate and controlled. In *Parsifal*, Clemens Krauss sounded curiously detached, as if he had refused to commit himself emotionally to the score. The quality of the orchestra was overwhelmingly fine; and the chorus (trained by Wilhelm Pitz) produced that thrilling sound which makes tears start to the eyes.

ANDREW PORTER

THE ROYAL DANISH BALLET

THE Royal Danish Ballet is one of the oldest state companies in Europe. Its firm traditions are evinced in its style of dancing which, though lacking in fluid grace and developing thin, iron-looking legs in the girls, has a dignity and assertive kind of elegance that are both impressive and satisfying. With its first appearance at Covent Garden the company has brought an admirable production of *La Sylphide*, a ballet produced by the state company in Copenhagen four years after its première at the Paris Opera in 1832. Théophile Gautier noted this work as a landmark in the development of dancing: "*Ce ballet commença pour la chorégraphie une ère toute nouvelle et ce fut par lui que le romantisme s'introduisait dans le domaine de Terpsichore.*" In the part of the Sylphide, Taglioni also originated the dress that has become the accepted style of classical ballet costume—a tight bodice, revealing the neck and shoulders, with a full, calf-length skirt, layer upon layer of gauzy net. Margrethe Schanne, who takes the part which Taglioni made so famous, is an excellent dancer. She has a sharp rather than soft lightness, like a dragonfly; and though her face is too humorous for the character of a sylph doomed by her tragic love for a Highland youth, it has fine sensitivity. But the romantic story of the young man enticed away by the Sylphide on his wedding day is made wonderfully credible by Erik Bruhn as the hero. What is so amazing, and such a relief to our Anglo-Americanised senses, is that he does not appear to be self-conscious about his good looks. Had he been trained in this country, such a ravishing youth would almost certainly by now have developed the effete mannerisms which have become an accepted style in our male dancers. As it is he behaves quite simply, while his technique is superb; he can make an *entrechat six* or a double turn in the air seem the most natural thing to do in the world.

The chief strength of this company which, beside the two dancers mentioned, is not strong in classical skill, is in the character acting. Gerda Karstens is terrifying as the sinister witch in *La Sylphide* and equally comic as a Quaker in *The Whims of Cupid and the Ballet Master*. All the grotesques in this eighteenth-century comedy ballet are first class, while the performance of Niels Bjørn Larsen in an appalling Eskimo symphonic work called *Qarrtsiluni* reveals a power of holding the audience that would be shattering were the ballet itself not so boringly over-laden with rocks, thongs and thews.

The Ballet Rambert has just finished a short season at Sadler's Wells. Miss Rambert has a great talent for developing personalities, very much the opposite of Dame Ninette de Valois, who has more talent for restraining them. In *Winter Night*, Mary Munro gives a performance as a jealous woman which is masterly in passion and technique. Walter Gore's choreography has a genuine feeling for movement—not so common a quality among choreographers as might be supposed. But my enjoyment of this ballet was chiefly marred by Rachmaninoff's music, which is like thick soup that has been mistakenly flavoured with sugar. Generally the little company has a sensuous, tasteful flavour, and even so pretentious a piece as *Past Recalled*, taken from Proust's *Du côté de chez Swann*, is partly redeemed by Norman MacDowall's exquisite costumes.

ANNABEL FARJEON

WATCH AND LISTEN

THE eve of a holiday and a convenient pause for the critic to sort out some of the impressions of the last few months. First, then, to the credits—practically all the serious music, though not being an expert, I must here accept the view of people more qualified to express an opinion. But even I, who only know good music when I see it, cannot help feeling that television is up against an almost insuperable problem, despite the praise given to the recent broadcast from Glyndebourne. In theory, the picture of a pianist at work should presumably be a help to musical appreciation, for otherwise why should anybody go to a concert? But, in practice, the camera man naturally tries to justify his existence and so concentrates again and again on a pair of disembodied hands that prance and dance back and forth across the keyboard. Still more hands can be seen distractedly darting hither and thither in the polished surface of the wood, so that, as the recital goes on, one becomes more and more obsessed by them. Sometimes the illusion that we are in a world inhabited by clever crab-like creatures is broken when the camera switches to the pianist, who is to be observed in an ecstasy of contemplation or smiling pleadingly at the audience. Some day an inspired producer may get over this difficulty but in the meantime the camera is not only a powerful distraction but will inevitably encourage a performer to emphasise the tricks and mannerisms of his trade.

The school broadcasts—brilliant when one remembers the audience. The children's hours —yes, if an adult's opinion is worth anything. All the television news reels and the scientific features I have seen—a recent one on ants would have delighted Mr. Connolly. Some of the outside broadcasts, with sound still in the lead: if there is one thing the TV people ought to do, it is to train their commentators in the difficult technique of describing a scene that the audience can see almost as well as the reporter. Nearly all the games—which will be better still when the producers choose their teams more carefully. A few stray scenes come back to my mind—Miss Honor Tracy's wicked sea-side trip and those wonderful Spanish horses on TV which waltzed and pranced about the arena, waggling their buttocks like great Edwardian tarts, heavily disguised. Finally, the biggest award must go to the Third. Many criticisms can be made of it: it is sometimes pretentious and academic and always gives the impression of being too much of a closed shop—yes, all this is true. But how many of us would have a wireless set if we had only the Light and the Home to entertain us?

And now for some of the more doubtful items. Politics—yes and no. The journalists in *Press Conference* should be tougher, though it may be that the team is also too large: a critic can rarely nail down his victim if he is being constantly called off so as to give somebody else in the team a chance. *In the News* is still a good feature but it is not so good as it used to be. But one's main and persistent feeling is that the B.B.C., in its quaking determination not to cause offence, ends up by giving a false idea of what politics is really about. It is not a new and

jollier form of charades. It has no connection with a cosy chat at the golf club. In essence, it is a tireless pursuit of power, and to pretend that it is something else, that we are all reasonable people at heart if only the wild men would let us alone, is only to indulge in wishful thinking.

The modern plays—unaccountably disappointing. Sometimes they have no dramatic content—Mr. Schull's *Curtain Call* is an example—and sometimes we are treated to dialogue so clumsy and amateurish that one cannot understand how it ever got on to the air. Have these boys no ear? Only now and again do we come across a modern writer or producer who shows one how exciting broadcasting can be. Mr. T. C. Worsley did it the other day in a subtle play about Turgenev that was full of poetry and imagination. We saw it again in *Anastasia*, a poor thing but so brilliantly produced that for once I forgot that there were only the usual two sets. But these were honourable exceptions. On the whole the B.B.C.'s modern drama is wretchedly pedestrian—a daily penance for the critic.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

THE MOVIES

"Always a Bride," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"Little Boy Lost," at the Plaza
"The Red Beret," at the Empire

A little featherweight farce has given me pleasure; and pleasure, as you may guess, is rare in cinemas at the moment. *Always a Bride* is the sort of title that may cover anything, and usually does. It's British, I gave it a miss, and then, depressed by the films I did see, picked it up at the public showing. What finally decided me as I still hesitated in the foyer—it was so sunny outside—was the name of Ronald Squire. I cannot imagine myself seeing Mr. Squire, on stage or on screen, without delight. If English films were what they should be, they would go down on their knees to Mr. Squire; they would find parts for him, they would make parts worthy of him; so far he has been pretty ill-served. *Always a Bride* admits him at full length, warms to him, and reaps the reward.

He has gone honeymooning in Monte Carlo. The bridal suite is his. With him arrives his young, innocent wife (Peggy Cummins), whom in the evening he leaves alone in the lounge, while from the bar comes roar after roar as Mr. Squire discourses upon women. "Old enough to be her father" is the women's thought as at last, bridegroom and bride, they cross the hall together to the lift. And, as a matter of fact, that's exactly the relationship. Daddy is a crook; he leaves the bridal suite by a convenient fire-escape; and next day there will be a hiss of scandal and a collection for the robbed and deserted bride.

These are difficult times for the Riviera con. man. It's hardly worth while being English. Forty pounds is the limit. Wistfully he gazes upon those shorn sheep whom once he would have fleeced. There are others. Some have won at the Casino, smuggled or made something; there are a few yachts in the bay with dollars in the cupboard. Mr. Squire takes his honeymoon on to Nice, and soon has a plot, involving a double-double-cross, for selling the Negresco.

Meanwhile, of course, the romantic daughter—brought in to fill the place of an old associate—has jibbed. Other people's kindness has touched her, and a Treasury snooper (Terence Morgan) now loves her. There's an amusing climax, a turning of the tables, from which love will emerge triumphant and Mr. Squire will move on to fresh dubious conquests. He conquers us, smoothly, lightly, inevitably. The film, written by Peter Jones and Ralph Smart, and directed by the latter, has a distinct wit and charm.

It succeeds. *Little Boy Lost* and *The Red Beret* don't. The first is a sentimental search for a child in the displaced persons' world. A child is found, but is it the right one? Does he remember a certain scent, an apartment overlooking a Paris street? Little Christian Fourcade is affectingly, wonderfully lost. But even more so is Mr. Bing Crosby, as the putative father. He can't get away from the stranger with a soft hat and a song. He acts within his limits. Others, more notably, act at him. This is a dreary, limping approach to tenderness, not much more.

The Red Beret celebrates our airborne forces rather oddly in the person of Mr. Alan Ladd. This is the only odd thing about it. The hero is tough and guilt-ridden, and finds a heroine who gives him scratch for scratch, but is always there waving against the sunset when the planes take off. As a piece of ruminative warmongering this is on a level with, say, *Desert Rats*: another American-made picture of the British soldier. Why will they do it? We can manage a little better ourselves; not much, a little.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Hazel Turnbull, at the Apollinaire

This is an exhibition of 60 monotypes. A monotype is a single print taken by pressing a sheet of paper on to a glass-like surface on which a picture has already been painted or drawn with pigment or printing inks. The process encourages spontaneity—the glass offers absolutely no resistance to the brush, and allows a great variety of evocative, often translucent textures. It can easily be abused if used slickly, but, with discipline, is a legitimate medium. Mrs. Turnbull, in her landscapes and figure studies, is disciplined enough to justify her use of it. She is neither a strong draughtsman, nor an artist of great power. But she has a sensitive eye for atmosphere, a good sense of colour, a feeling—in her best landscapes—for space, sympathy, and a capacity for enjoyment. I feel that her work would become more robust if she worked on the spot or from more precise notes—memory, unless developed, always sentimentalises, and in some of her pictures there is more charm than substance. Others, however, are small objects of genuine pleasure—the honey-lit *Natal Landscape*, the very well-composed *Boats*, *The Man of the Cape*—a head metaphorically carved out of dirty gold ore, the *Gardener* really included in the landscape that surrounds him. And writing of small-scale works, there are several worth seeing (and buying) at Gimpels; Hugh Mackinnon's tender painting of a Girl Writing a Letter—the example of Matisse gently adapted to the mood of the subject, Hamilton Fraser's sunset *Seascape*, John Craxton's early *Cretan Landscape*, George Fairley's stocky drawing of a workman, Keith Vaughan's *Figure and Table*, a small well-worn farmer's-wife-like figure by Kenneth Armitage.

J. B.

"Dust Under Our Feet," at the Arts

It at least seemed very enterprising of the Ulster Group Theatre to show themselves off to us in London with a new play. But as it turned out the policy was too self-denying—we would have gathered more of their quality if they had chosen, say, an O'Casey. They are naturally at home in this tradition, and they seemed indeed to be following it when the play opened on a not unfamiliar peaty kitchen in which a swivel-eyed tinker and a one-armed sailor set to in the full Abbey Theatre invective. Dark hints loomed of illegitimate daughters, bearing, or not bearing, illegitimate children and depositing them, or not depositing them, in the Fairy Glen, to give meat to the village feuds and gossip. All very well as an undertow, this; but these melodramatic properties began to take charge, the "characters" sank into the background, and soon we were galloping off on the back of an incredible plot with principal parts that were virtually unactable. A pity, for there had been promise of much rich blarney from Patrick McAlinney, James Devlin, Harold Goldblatt and Elizabeth Begley. Michael Murphy, the author, evidently knows his Northern Ireland well, so we must suppose the events and attitudes he describes to be possible; but that is another thing from making them convincing to us. There he doesn't quite succeed.

T. C. W.

SINCE 1803, when the artist and anatomist George Stubbs drew this fine skeleton of a hen, veterinary and agricultural practice has progressed by leaps and bounds. Today, scientifically manufactured feeding stuffs and fertilizers are helping to raise stock and crops that would have astounded Stubbs. The increasing use of these now essential materials posed a considerable distribution problem—where to find a strong, light and hygienic form of packaging? The multiwall paper sack, of which millions are made every year by Bowaters, provides the answer. The sacks are non-returnable; and are destroyed after use, so checking the spread of agricultural diseases. Thus yet another branch of the Bowater Organisation helps to prosper the mechanics of science.

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Correspondence

NATIONAL THEATRE

SIR,—I think Mr. Strauss greatly underestimates the importance of the National Theatre building in the National Theatre scheme. As one of the Directors of a Provincial Repertory Theatre I naturally find his proposals attractive. A few additional thousands would make a world of difference to a theatre such as ours, which has in five years won a considerable audience in Nottingham for a programme of real quality. Yet we are still handicapped by lack of capital and the limitations of our building.

Nevertheless, like Mr. Beste, I have second thoughts. Mr. Strauss thinks that a new National Theatre building on the South Bank site would be redundant, as the Old Vic in its present theatre already fills the bill. But does it? Could it ever do so, even with additional facilities and equipment? One reform, in particular, in theatre organisation has always been expected from a National Theatre, namely, "true repertory" as opposed to the limited run system. Surely the drawback of true repertory in this country has been not so much the reluctance of English audiences to adapt themselves to two or three changes of play a week (they accept this system readily enough in the case of ballet and opera) as the physical and economic problems of our existing theatre buildings—the Old Vic included. Limited storage space, small stages, inadequate workshop and wardrobe stores, make it almost impossible to house more than one production at a time, except at great expense. The Stratford Theatre has some, at any rate, of these facilities. Is this not one of the reasons for its success with an approximation of true repertory? The nature of the building is vitally important in another way. Plays today in this country are performed in theatres nearly all built to the technical standards and to meet the social needs of the period before 1914. The Old Vic is one of them. Drama is conditioned to an extent greater than Mr. Strauss appears to realise by the buildings in which it is created. We have learnt a good deal in the past fifty years about methods of production, about lighting and staging. Our knowledge has passed the experimental stage, but has only partially been utilised owing to the limitations of existing buildings. A National Theatre should surely provide the opportunity for contemporary production of plays, classical and modern, in conditions best suited to each of them and with the benefit of modern techniques. In particular it should allow the production of Shakespeare's plays in the most effective way. Can the Old Vic building provide this flexibility? Is it, in fact, a worthy building for a National Theatre?

Is there anything so absurd in the idea of two National Theatres within a few hundred yards of each other? Big Continental cities have their people's theatres side by side with the national or municipal houses. They give programmes of the popular classics at low prices to students and poorer people, with actors not yet at the peak of their achievement. Paris, incidentally, has five national or municipal theatres. But we have an example nearer home. The Sadler's Wells Theatre gives opera and ballet with young companies while the Covent Garden Opera House provides the glitter and supreme achievement. When the National Theatre is built the present Old Vic could revert to the original Lilian Baylis conception. In recent years that theatre has steered a somewhat uneasy course between the founder's ideas and the National Theatre conception of full-scale performances, stars and the rest. Here could be based a Theatre School to replace the one so regrettably vanished.

Finally, to revert to Mr. Beste's point, can one really expect the localities to accept their full responsibilities when nationally they have been evaded? Mr. Strauss' conception of a grid of leading provincial theatres is an admirable one, and money is certainly needed to bring it about. (Has not Mr. W. E. Williams, of the Arts Council, had the same idea?) But should not the main impulse and the main financial support come locally? We in the provinces already have assistance and guidance at a national level from the Arts Council and, in my experience, that assistance and guidance are admirably and skilfully given within the limitations of the resources available. We need the National Theatre in London, worthily housed, as an example and a standard.

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NON-RECOGNITION

SIR,—You may be interested in the following passage from page 87 of the 1939 edition of John Foster Dulles's *War, Peace and Change*.

> The policy of non-recognition derives its principal appeal from the fact that it affords a degree of moral self-satisfaction. Aggression is always unpleasant and to be avoided. . . . The aggressor receives our condemnation. Thus it appeals to our moral sense to have our Government refrain from "recognizing" changes effected through the aggression of others. Such an approach, however, involves carrying over into the international field judgments, which derive from social units in which the authoritarian solution is operative. We can condemn the use of violence in a society which provides for peaceful evolution and change. We can deprecate it in any form of society. But we cannot, by analogy, indiscriminately carry forward moral judgments of aggression into a society within which neither political nor ethical solutions are operative.

House of Commons, GEOFFREY DE FREITAS
S.W.1.

THE HOLLOW WAR

SIR,—Mrs. Castle, in finding fault with some surface points in your article, appears not to see the real depths of insight it contains, with the implication that the U.N. needs a good deal of renovation.

Of course, it might be argued that, if the U.N. had not in name fought "aggression" in Korea, the U.S. nominally would, as it has in fact: but the danger of the existing course has been that naked power politics have been disguised as "police action," or "upholding law and order," not a very satisfactory outcome of international action. As for "any country being stampeded into war by the U.N.," this may be technically unlikely, but something very like the stampeding of the U.N. by the U.S. did in fact occur. The "case" was not "*proved*" at all, as both you and she appear to take as so: weeks of delay would have been needed for that, and modern war calls for instant action; atom wars, split-second action; so the "ideal" conditions which Mrs. Castle seems easily to assume are never likely to be present. In my opinion, India *was* wrong in 1950, however much she may have contributed to later resolving of the trouble, so hastily conceived. From your correspondent's remarks, one might imagine that all U.N. actions are "legal," right and proper; but the Korean division at the 38th Parallel and sanctioned by the U.N., as stated by Mrs. Castle, was always indefensible, for that country, at any rate, and appears to have really been instigated for strategic reasons by both Russia and the U.S. If the U.N. can only maintain its authority by defending the indefensible, what valid authority lies therein?

Further: although Rhee might now (after Dulles' visit and agreement) drag the U.S., and possibly others, with him, should he carry out his threats to "go it alone," would Mrs. Castle advocate U.N. intervention on the N. Korean side, if Rhee's action seemed to be "illegal"? Logically, this would seem to be called for and its possibility has, I believe, already been suggested in your columns.

The fact is, and it is this cardinal point which your article implies, the U.N. has simply *got* to be remade. A body which can exclude the real Chinese nation from its counsels and then brand her an "aggressor" when she defends her own frontier in the approved modern way by anticipation, the while waging war to the acme of beastliness across a much-wronged country, needs radical reformation: this Mrs. Castle appears quite to ignore.

Sherborne, Dorset. P. R. LANE

FIRST READING

SIR,—I am not going to argue any more about *First Reading*. Too many deeply felt prejudices, my own and other people's, are involved. I can only hope that, during the two remaining months of its life, those who don't enjoy it will just switch off. And that the gentleman who thinks I have done something "not, perhaps, forgivable," will keep his forgiveness until I, perhaps, ask him for it.

Why, then, am I writing another letter? Because the correspondence has developed an alarming new twist. It is unfair to my contributors that the all-pervading anti-academic sentiment should be turned against them simply through a misunderstanding. When Mr. Fraser said that I tended to use the work of "young dons," being one myself, he was, in his genial way, rather flattering us. A don, properly speaking, is a person with an academic appointment at Oxford or Cambridge. No such person (except Mr. Alvarez, who holds a scholarship) has in fact contributed to any programme in the series.

It is true that a few of my contributors are employed at provincial universities. But a provincial university lecturer is not a "don." He is a man who lives on a tiny salary, usually in an ugly industrial city, and enjoys a standard of living not dissimilar to that of a bus conductor. He is thus secured against the isolation and arrogance of the "don" proper, and also (for every advantage has to be paid for) debarred from his tranquillity and intellectual independence. I myself sit, as I compile *First Reading*, not in a gracious panelled room overlooking a beautiful quadrangle, but in a tiny slum-clearance bungalow. It happens to be where I live.

Hence the ludicrous picture drawn by one of your correspondents, of myself and my friends sitting about sipping vintage port and pompously discussing our "influence on one another" would be laughable if it were not a perfectly deliberate attempt to mobilise against us the animus which most literary people feel for the don who sits above the tide of modern life, cushioned against economic shocks and exempt from common cares. No such person, I repeat, has either sent me a contribution or interested himself in *First Reading* in any way.

But I suppose it is too late to protest. I have been called a "don." Ergo, I must be comfortably off, a mandarin, out of touch with the sweat and grime of existence from which any true literary judgment must flower. And if I try to express my opinions clearly

and emphatically, they will be brushed aside with cries of "Yah! Smug! Academic!"

I could say more, but that is all I have time for. I must go out and get on with digging the cabbage-patch.

JOHN WAIN

The University,
Reading, Berks.

SIR,—I do not wish to prolong this argument, but Mr. Fraser seems to me more sadly at sea than ever. He calls up George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, D. H. Lawrence and many other distinguished authors we all admire in his defence, but in so doing is guilty of a gross confusion between the provincial tradition and provincialism, indeed he writes as if he had no notion what the latter word means. He then solemnly reminds me that a knowledge of Milton's religious and political opinions and Pope's literary rows are important for a full understanding of these authors. I would not dream of disputing this, but equally I would not dream of *making allowances* for Milton or Pope because of this "perspective of their interests," and that is precisely what he told us we ought to do in judging Mr. Wain's contributors, whose mental world is dominated (he says) by the shock that warped the character of the adolescent girl, etc., etc. The pathos is heart-rending, but the argument worthless.

Come back to shore and good sense, Mr. Fraser, and leave this string of red herrings behind you.

JOHN LEHMANN

SIR,—As a junior member of the English Department of a provincial University I feel that Mr. Hunt's provocative and wrongly-headed letter should not be allowed to pass without a reply. I hope he will forgive me if I employ a rather academic manner in correcting his misconceptions.

(1) The term "don" is employed in none of the provincial Universities with which I am acquainted; its use by laymen merely causes amused embarrassment.

(2) Mr. Hunt seems to have gathered his second-hand impressions of University life from the detective stories of Miss Sayers *et hoc genus omne*. The incongruous picture of Mr. Wain and his contributors sitting around in the same common-room surely needs no comment; one has only to correlate current rail-fares and academic salaries to see how silly *that* is. I fear it would be vain to inform Mr. Hunt that we are, each in his own sphere, professionally concerned about the condition of literature, just as a sanitary engineer is concerned about the condition of drains. I fail to see how this makes our range of interests and experience any narrower than that of the sanitary engineer or of anyone else. In all humility, I suggest that the opposite might conceivably be the case.

(3) Mr. Hunt's final fling shows how completely all your correspondents, including Mr. Fraser to some extent, have missed the point of Mr. Wain's excellent rejoinder. Probably Mr. Wain was limited in his choice chiefly to writers with whom he was acquainted, and possibly this led to his overestimating the work of some of them. What has not occurred to your correspondents is that the quality of *First Reading* is not really the point at issue. What is important is that the accepted standards of the literary world of the week-end reviews have been challenged in one of its strongest citadels—the B.B.C. Third Programme. What upset Mr. Massingham was the small wedge which Mr. Wain had driven into the monopoly of literary opinion which has resulted in the inflated reputations of so many of its respected shareholders. I am reluctant to particularise, but a perusal of the recent reviews which confirmed the canonisation of Mr. Dylan Thomas would no doubt make my point clear. In fact, if I may introduce the note of mild asperity which seems to be expected of the academic mind in controversy, the quality of much current literary journalism is such that one of the main tasks of the modern teacher of English is to combat its almost monolithic pressure.

(4) Finally, if Mr. Hunt is really gunning for authors who take in one another's washing, may I advise him to re-adjust his sights a little?

S. W. DAWSON

7, Richmond Road, Swansea.

GEORGE ORWELL

SIR,—Mr. Hopkinson and Mr. Pritchett are concerned to find for George Orwell his rightful place in the commonwealth of letters, but neither, it seems, is specially interested in him as a novelist of West-East relations in an age of unprecedented change. The Kipling tradition had long outlived the situation that had inspired the Master (the Master long outlived it himself), and the phase in which the Empire in Asia was riding downhill, facing resolutely backwards, with a proud, if unsteady seat, had (though it refused to recognise it) its own interpreter of genius in E. M. Forster. Forster founded no school, but was followed by a few isolated writers, perceptive in their own way of the forces at work behind the scenes. They usually turned to satire, for the current pretence and lack of realism lent themselves most readily to this medium. Sometimes it illuminated moribund institutions with a ghastly phosphorescence.

Orwell's contribution to West-East literature was slight but indelible. The characters in *Burmese Days* were playing leading parts in the drama of imperial devolution (or dissolution)—Macgregor, the grimly facetious proconsul of empire, Ellis, the foul-mouthed, nigger-baiting patriot, Elizabeth, the typical burra memsahib, Verrall, the quite unforgettably insolent and coercive rabbit (cavalry seconded police), and U Po Kyun, the scavenger of imperial corruption. They were all quite nasty, but the real offence of the Europeans was anachronism—a refusal to adapt their attitude to changing conditions. Their prototypes of the Kipling era were able to carry the White Man's Burden with greater dignity for it had not begun to kick and bite in its struggle to be put down. However, those with experience of other dependencies of the British Raj in the era of imperial devolution might insist that the functions of civil servants and policemen did not inevitably turn them into club bores, philistines or savages.

Where are the interpreters of present-day West-East relations? They exist, but the novel is rarely their medium. We must wait, it seems, for European fiction of independent India, Pakistan, Burma or Ceylon, and even longer, we fear, for that of the new China. An Orwell would not do for the job. He would be too irritable, too conscious of anomalies, and not sympathetic enough to trends and aspirations. But should he come to life again, he would still find a Kyauktada or two lingering on in their anachronism and affording even more outrageous targets for his acid jets. But he would be struck by some changes. In this age of imperial desperation he would find Macgregor superannuated and Verrall promoted to take charge of the district with crisis powers, while U Po Kyun would be enjoying even higher official favour and shaping policy.

Cambridge. VICTOR PURCELL

SIR,—Writing a British Council pamphlet on George Orwell seems rather like laying a croquet lawn on top of a minefield. Evidently Mr. Hopkinson found it embarrassing; and he was at pains to explain away his dangerous subject. He reduced Orwell's contempt for that twittering parlour-game, the literary racket, to a kind of eccentric paranoia: he deprecated Orwell's distaste for the "featherbed" of proletarian hedonism as a betrayal of the working-classes: he diagnosed as obsessive Orwell's angry pre-occupation with snobbery: and he dismissed Orwell's anxiety to get in touch with working people because it didn't square with the middlebrow aims of parliamentary socialism. Above all, he applauded *Animal Farm* as charming (and popularly successful), while deploring the shrewd and savage *1984* as a sick man's fantasy which failed to escape from the limits of the world it attacked.

I had expected at least THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to condemn these polite deprecations: but V. S. Pritchett, in your issue of August 15, seemed also to have come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. Once more the man who detested "belles lettres" was complimented on his prose style: once more *Animal Farm* was exalted at the expense of its great successor. To read both tributes to Orwell, one might never have realised that his exposure of sham and humbug rose above the Sunday-paper level: at best, one might have imagined him as an interesting but tragically wayward individualist. Mr. Pritchett's final charge against him, it seems, is that he belonged to the world of 1910. To the ageing apostles of the Thirties, this may be the ultimate condemnation: it may imply all that Mr. Lehmann calls "provincial," and all that Mr. Albert Hunt dislikes in dons. But to the youngest generation of writers, time as well as place seems quite irrelevant to ability; and the mutter of partisan reproaches now raised against George Orwell seems only another tribute to his honesty, intelligence, and guts. Perhaps the English prefer their genius dead: perhaps literary critics dislike renegades who blow the gaff. But somehow one feels that Orwell will never quite be forgiven for his phrase about "the smelly little ideologies at present contending for our souls."

Rome. RICHARD MAYNE

POETRY COMPETITION

SIR,—Readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION may be interested to hear of the Poetry Competition now being organised by *Varsity*, the Cambridge Undergraduate Newspaper, which is to be judged by Mr. C. Day Lewis, the distinguished poet and critic of poetry.

The competition is open to undergraduates of any University or to anyone under the age of 25 years. Not more than five poems may be submitted by each competitor, and the maximum length of each poem is restricted to fifty lines. There is no limitation to either subject matter or form. Prizes of five guineas, three guineas and one guinea respectively will be awarded for the best three poems. All entries should be marked "Poetry Competition" and sent to 4 St. Edward's Passage, Cambridge. No manuscripts can be returned unless a stamped and addressed envelope is included. The closing date of the competition is September 15.

DAVID BOLTON,
Editor.

Varsity,
4, St. Edward's Passage,
Cambridge.

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One of to-day's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree—not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

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Books in General

It has taken nearly one hundred and twenty years for Alfred de Vigny's apologia* for the military life to come once more into its own. It has had to wait for the tide of peace to turn and for the birth of two war generations. Like some writers of our own Twenties, Vigny had imagined that negotiation was bound to succeed war in the diplomacy of nations and that science would eventually bring in the world state and make war impossible. He did not see that it would make war more alluring and interesting. Yet his accent is persuasive when he expresses this feeling, for he had the art of keeping rational hope faint but alive and of surrounding it with compassion for its insignificance. A lesson to propagandists: the pessimism which addresses itself to the last feeble spark of reason in our minds has a longer life than the bullying good will which slaps and pushes us along. From our point of view Vigny's personal aloofness and melancholy hit the mark. Mr. Humphrey Hare, who makes the present excellent translation, says that Vigny was never temperamentally at home in the circumstances of his life which were, indeed, generally dejecting, and that the crisis of the Revolution seemed to be "perpetually alive in him." He was not born until 1797 but his mind was formed by the 18th century, his parents were aristocrats whose property was sequestered, and although he was brought up to the idea of military glory, he was also taught that Bonaparte was an impostor. His coldness and remoteness were the formal mask of the man who finds himself between two worlds, but they were not the Byronic mask of a "doomed" or "lost" generation, for Vigny was a natural stoic who understood abnegation and pity. He had little egoism. He astonished and amused people like Dumas and Hugo by his fastidiousness—his mistress said she had only once seen him eat, and then only a carrot; as a soldier, he treated the army stiffly, as a "nomad monastery," a place for order, solitude, contemplation and self-effacement. Sainte-Beuve mocked him for being a Trappist and Vigny himself put down his failure in the army to having brought a passive and reflective mind to an active avocation. Vocation it certainly was not.

Vigny had an aristocratic dignity, the sense that Duty is Fate. This gave him a backbone which is lacking in the other disillusioned Romantics. When he occasionally falls into their inflated manner he writes poorly. "In the universal foundering of creeds," which was felt in his time, as it has been in ours, he believed in the aristocratic and "earthly religion" of honour: "the virtue of the life of this world." The argument and the stories that make up *The Military Necessity* are based on this sense, and it enabled him to define the moral essence of a soldier's life and the tragic mutilation of the individual, humane soul by the corporate spirit. The key to his thought lies in his account of the explosion at Vincennes when the kindly over-zealous quartermaster is blown to pieces.

> Like a stone from a sling his head and torso had been hurled sixty feet up against the chapel wall, and the powder, impregnating this appalling bust, had cut its outline deeply on the wall at whose foot he had fallen back. Although we gazed at it for a long time, no one uttered a word of pity. Possibly because to have pitied him would have been to have pitied ourselves for having run the self-same danger.

Any society requires the inhibition of feeling in its members and Vigny's point is that this is inevitable, and perhaps desirable. But he also indicates the price that has to be paid: a loss of heart and above all a loss of compassion. We should feel most compassionate of all to the soldier who sacrifices himself to society's requirement that he shall have no compassion:

> The army is blind and dumb, strikes down unquestioningly those to whom it is opposed, desires nothing for itself and acts under compulsion. It is a great machine wound up to kill; but it is, too, a machine capable of suffering.

For Vigny the modern army is a "body divorced from the great body of the nation." It is the scapegoat. In his long time of service he was painfully sensitive to these definitions, because he himself saw no active service against a foreign enemy: the most he had to do was to help quell a riot of liberal citizens in the town of Pau. It was bad enough to be the licensed murderer abroad; but to have that role in one's own country was pathetic and false. (This is the situation Stendhal angrily described in *Lucien Leuwen*). What Vigny is commemorating is the frustration of the old Napoleonic sense of glory—Napoleon appears unsympathetically in one of the stories in this book—the loss of romance.

Does the modern soldier still feel himself to be in a false position, in Vigny's sense? By 1914-8 he certainly did, but has the feeling continued in the conscripted, peace-time armies? Some have felt military service to be a happy return to their schooldays; but for most men the experience is that of the guinea-pig who is made to suffer the effects of a major psychological operation. Like the novice, he submits to mutilation in order to obtain a special kind of soul. Like the soldier of Vigny's time he is a man "thrown, changed, recast, shaped for ever to a common pattern. The man is lost in the soldier"—as he is lost in the monk. Routine, the check on the intelligence, reserve, obedience to artificial authority, bring out the melancholy and coarseness of boredom in military life; the gain, Vigny says, is abnegation and sacrifice:

> This utter abnegation of which I have been speaking, together with the constant and careless expectation of death, the complete renunciation of all liberty of thought and action, the delays suffered by a limited ambition and the impossibility of acquiring riches, all produce virtues which are much rarer among those classes of men who remain free and independent.

A monastery, a prison, the chains gladly accepted—such are Vigny's metaphors. A stoical doctrine, yet if it is wisdom and even freedom to submit to Fate and to obey, this submission is as corrupting as the pride of the man who believes he is free. Vigny wrote as a soldier of the peace-time bodyguard and garrison; he did not know the passion of action except by hearsay and he was austerely, humourlessly unaware of the corruption of the bored camp. He himself wasted a large part of his life in a profession to which he was unsuited—except that it gave him this book.

As a personal document, in which the self is disciplined to the point of anonymity, *The Military Necessity* is a classically clear and direct piece of writing. It is originally conceived. Vigny is an artist-philosopher. He sets out his theme a little at a time and then breaks off to tell at leisure a story that illustrates it. The military argument is a frame, as Turgenev's after-dinner conversations were or Merimée's reflections on travel and custom, for three dramatic stories of character and action. This method of writing a short story will always attract the aspirant because it seems to be the easiest, for it gives the writer points of rest and provides him with the easy opportunity of stating an argument or a moral. The reader is deceived: for the requirement of this art is that one shall state a case without appearing to do so. Mr. Humphrey Hare quotes Sainte-Beuve's praise of Vigny's poetry:

> He never . . . produces his tears as tears; he transforms them . . . If he wishes to give vent to the anguish of genius or to the loneliness of a poet's heart, he does not do so directly as would M. de Lamartine, with a lyrical effusion, instead he takes the indirect method.

Vigny is always concrete. He is various and resilient in feeling and in portraiture. The poor quartermaster is blown up at Vincennes but the tragic irony of this perfunctory death is effective because we had seen the old man in his youth, in his fairy-tale love affair, his love of homely music, in his fussing care and his fantastic lifelong luck. Vigny has taken care to move us; his very arguments about the military life are feelings purged of personal rancour. His second virtue is that of surprise. When we meet the broken officer who is trailing through the mud of Flanders, with a mad girl in the cart behind him, we expect some tale of the misery of war, but it turns out to be far worse, an affair of political execution and the sea. The soldier has been ordered to shoot the girl's lover and he has saddled himself with his guilt. The officer with the malacca cane in the next story is similarly engaged in expiation. By doing their duty all his soldiers isolate themselves from humanity and accept a guilt which they cannot forget, and which is not "their fault." They are the martyrs of society. The event which causes this, in every case, is always astonishing, sudden and fearful.

Vigny has an exquisite sensibility to atmosphere and place. One will not easily forget the Flanders road, the attack on the Chateaux at Reims, the simple barrack scenes at Vincennes or the long, dull, noiseless night in Paris deserted on the eve of the Revolution; such scenes have the supreme deceptive and allaying effect found only in the great story-tellers. What are those fires? The shopkeepers are merely burning down the trees that have darkened their shops; so a revolution begins. It is on the day when nothing happens that everything happens. Then, at the critical moment of action, this quiet and reflective writer breaks into unforgettable physical detail. It is detail, uniquely of the

* *The Military Necessity*. By Alfred de Vigny. Translated with an Introduction by Humphrey Hare. *Cresset Press*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

occasion, which a writer of stories must always seek—the muddle of the execution at sea when the girl is put by mistake in full view of her lover's death; the terrible moment in *The Malacca Cane*, when Captain Renaud, afraid of being afraid, runs his sword into a body during the night-scrimmage at the Chateau:

> an elderly officer, a big strong man, though his hair was grey, rose like a ghost, uttered a fearful cry at the sight of what I had done, and thrusting violently at my face with a sword, fell instantly beneath the bayonets. I, too, fell to a sitting position beside him, stunned by a blow between the eyes, and I heard near me the dying voice of a child saying, "Papa."

Thus we know that Captain Renaud has killed a child, not a man, before its father's eyes. Or there is the dramatic eavesdropping on the meeting of Napoleon and the Pope. These crises are burned in all their special detail upon the reader's mind, as the outline of the quartermaster's body was printed by blast on the wall. One never forgets the physical scene which has been exactly caught from the chaos of feeling by a cool artist.

The admirable thing in *The Military Necessity* is the novel and unobtrusive interweaving of story and argument. Again and again, when we think we are about to be fobbed off with an anecdote or a memory, we find Vigny going much further. Though the story of the malacca cane culminates in the episode at the Chateau, it has taken us through the life of Admiral Collingwood, through a consideration of the character of Bonaparte and the seductions and errors of the idea of glory. It has discussed whether we shall serve men or principles; it has discussed the dehumanisation of man; the acceptance of retribution; the fact that ultimately life will deny us justice. We are always in deeper than we expect; we retrieve the idea of "the military necessity," just at the moment when it seemed forgotten and when false freedom seemed to be breaking in. The book does indicate too the amorphous literature of our day, the dramatic blessings of an original and ingenious sense of form, the value of a decisive sense not merely of material but of fundamental subject. The latter is what we lack today. Vigny's life suggests that subjects are found only by writers who submit themselves to an intolerable spiritual pressure.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE ENCOUNTER

Soon after dawn in hottest June (it may,
For all I know, have been Midsummer's Day)
An hour at which pedestrians are few,
From either end of the grand avenue
Flanked with basilicas and palaces
And shaded by long rows of ancient trees,
A man drew near, his lips in rage compressed,
Marching alone, magnificently dressed—
Scarlet-on-green and Mulberry-on-gold:
Two tall unyielding men of the same mould
Who wore identical helmets, cloaks and shoes
And long straight swords they well had learned to use,
These being luckless fellows, left by fate
Heirs to an irremediable hate.

Closer they steered, although the walk was wide,
A scant inch served as margin to their pride.
The encounter surely could but end in blows;
Yet neither thought to tweak his enemy's nose,
Or jostle him, or jeer, or incur guilt
By a provocative grasp at the sword hilt,
Each setting such reliance on mischance
He sauntered by without a sidelong glance.

ROBERT GRAVES

THE ETHICS OF DIPLOMACY

Christianity, Diplomacy and War. By HERBERT BUTTERFIELD. *Epworth Press.* 8s. 6d.

During two thousand years the ecclesiastical mind in general has tended to be particularly unfortunate in its handling of historical data; for it has cherished more legends than anybody else, has believed them longer than anybody else, and has attempted to maintain them by force when all argument in their favour has lost its efficacy.

In these very Protestant words Professor Butterfield dissociates himself from the ecclesiastical mind. He is arguing against our tendency to regard any war in which we are engaged as a "war for righteousness"; if we induce in ourselves a mood of self-righteousness in which the enemy appears as wholly evil, we shall aim at the final destruction of his power, and he will aim at the final destruction of ours; and so we will return to the conditions of the sixteenth century and the wars of religion. But if we see international quarrels in the grey light of half-righteousness, rather than in black-and-white terms, we shall have strictly limited ends in war and be ready at any time for some sensible readjustment of the balance of power; and this would be a return to the eighteenth century and to those elements of international restraint which, in 1914, were swept away by the propaganda of self-righteousness. The connection between Christianity and the sharp calculations of eighteenth-century politics is left rather obscure; Christianity enters into the argument because Christians should be less self-righteous, more aware of imperfection in all mundane arrangements, and particularly in themselves. "Just the thing that the pagans do not do is to make allowance for other people's sins, allowances for heredity and environment. . . ." Some do, and some do not, seems a safer estimate. Some very pagan pagans make so many allowances for heredity and environment that they no longer count sin as sin. And the dichotomy of Christian and pagan is surely too vague and too simple for international politics.

But, whatever the relevance of Christianity and paganism, a serious and interesting question is raised in these lectures—how far can conflicts between nations legitimately be thought of in purely moral terms? Professor Butterfield is able to show that our recent moralisings over war aims and foreign policy have often involved self-deception: secondly, that the confrontation of two systems of power must lead to war without limit, if they each have a crusading conviction of the righteousness of their cause. As a historian he knows that the simple moral issues presented to the public do not correspond to the narrow exigencies within which politicians manœuvre, and which actually determine wars and alliances. If, as we sometimes pretend, we fought wars to destroy powers which are evil, we could be fighting a war in some part of the world every day of every year; in fact, we discover that a power is evil and ought to be destroyed after it has become our enemy. Professor Butterfield fails to notice that our enemy in the last war really was absolutely evil; this may be contrary to the theory, but it seems undeniable. Even if we do not begin wars in order to eradicate evil, one may use the occasion, and it was surely right that the Nazi power should be totally destroyed, without trace or remainder; our fault, if there is one, is rather that some trace of it survives. It would be another dishonesty to pretend that brutality is not brutality and that, in a mild Protestant light, we are all equal half-sinners together.

But the relations between morality and international politics are more difficult still. One might say that the actual aim of our foreign policies, and of our wars, is always self-defence, the protection of our liberties and of self-government; to this end we make alliances, and finally go to war if we must. Let us honestly acknowledge the fact, and not try to persuade ourselves that our allies must always be enlightened and progressive and our enemies must be brutal and reactionary. To arrive at some agreement with Communist China may be a reasonable step in self-defence and in assuring some international order; if it is, we do not need first to persuade ourselves, by the old cynical arguments, that the present Government of China is just and enlightened; it may be or it may not, the question is irrelevant to the issue. The British Commonwealth and the Western Powers are a stabilising combination for self-defence; but there is no moral idea or social system for the sake of which they could all join together—Dr. Malan, Dr. Salazar, Pandit Nehru and the rest. Diplomacy provides the machinery of peace and self-defence; moral ideas and social systems are to be defended and destroyed by other weapons.

Few people—certainly not Professor Butterfield—are convinced by this tidy, professional, Foreign Office argument. Moral ideas and social systems inevitably are destroyed or buttressed by wars and diplomatic arrangements; and the plea of self-defence cannot always justify the destruction of the better and the buttressing of the worst. There must always be some evils in the face of which both politician and voter would choose to disregard their own security; and for this reason one cannot pretend that so-called "ideologies" do not, or should not, enter into foreign policy. Fundamental political differences—for example, between Socialists and others—are largely differences about the points at which one would refuse to purchase one's own security at the expense of others. A Socialist might reasonably refuse a valuable, or even a necessary, alliance because it would give support to a social system which seemed to him sufficiently evil; and, unlike Professor Butterfield, he might aim at the total destruction of some forms of German power, even if he thereby endangered the international order. This is the pattern of decision which constantly presents itself, whenever strategic considerations in the defence of a free country are weighed against the liberties of other men in other countries. There can be

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no general method of making such decisions, and no general principle will seem adequate; one can only weigh the immediate cost against the ultimate risk in each particular case, and, by some accounting of one's own, arrive at a conclusion for the particular case. In these interesting lectures Professor Butterfield argues convincingly against those who soften the issue by comfortably seeing their enemies as always and necessarily evil; but the issue is also blurred, if we pretend, in some refinement of humility and helplessness, that we cannot discern brutality and injustice on a scale of relative evil, and at least choose not to support them. Humility, and an appeal to historical complexities, can also be an evasion.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

ROCKEFELLER REVISED

Study in Power: John D. Rockefeller. By ALLAN NEVINS. *Scribner.* 63*s.*

In Cleveland, ninety years ago, John D. Rockefeller made his first venture in the infant industry of oil refining. Within five years his firm had a capital value of more than one million dollars; by 1882, his own receipts had totalled at least forty millions and Standard Oil controlled four-fifths of U.S. refining; before his death in 1937, he had philanthropically disposed of five hundred millions of his personal fortune. Here, in a sentence, is the biography of Rockefeller, and the measure of the vast wealth and power of the corporation he created.

Such a meteoric career naturally invited indictment. To the "muckrakers" at the beginning of the century, Standard Oil was a social menace and Rockefeller the greatest of the "robber barons" who plundered the natural domain, stole from the public, and corrupted American politics. But, in the opinion of Professor Nevins, it is time for posterity to redress a great injustice. Rockefeller was not a villain, to be excoriated, in Mr. Nevins's phrase, by historians inspired by "feminine idealism." On the contrary, with Carnegie and Morgan, he was a hero of industrial expansion, an organising genius comparable to Richelieu and Bismarck, and, above all, a man who believed that he received his millions as a trust from God, that he might use them for the benefit of mankind. Conceiving his task as a biographer in these terms, Mr. Nevins has produced an epic apologia. It will undoubtedly serve as a textbook for those American historians who are now busily rewriting the story of U.S. capitalism into a perspective set by the National Association of Manufacturers.

Mr. Nevins has devised a scholarly formula for beatifying the corporation way of life, and he has applied it with care through two massive volumes, setting down the facts so meticulously that even the size of Rockefeller's country estate is given to three decimal points—an area of 79.247 acres. He makes no attempt to deny that many of the damaging charges made against Standard by its critics were true; but he makes elaborate pleas in mitigation. His main argument is that many of the anti-social practices for which Standard was condemned were normal by the canons of the time. Secondly, he goes to great pains to show that the ruthless creation of a monopoly was necessary to bring prosperity and order out of the chaos and cruelty of competition. Finally, by emphasising the ultimate contribution that Standard made to U.S. industry and commerce, he is able to describe with admiration the methods by which it was built up.

It is a remarkable story, and Mr. Nevins arranges its complex details with skill. From the first, Rockefeller based his power on control of the refining process. If he could absorb or destroy competing refineries, he could make his own terms with the producers of the crude oil. But he could not stabilise his control over the refining process without a grip on the means by which both crude and refined oil were transported. The campaign was in fact waged like a war. Many of those who directed it had gained their experience of logistics as staff and field officers in the Civil War. The supply of crude was the object of their offensives; they fought to cut the enemy's lines of communication by pipe and railway; they maintained systems of spies and saboteurs; they corrupted the press and debauched whole legislatures; and they wrecked the economy of their rivals by price-cutting and financial manipulation. Even in sober academic prose, this makes lurid reading.

Mr. Nevins has tried hard to make this process seem rather less disreputable than it was. He has launched a bitter attack on William Demarest Lloyd, for instance, declaring that his classic *Wealth Against Commonwealth* reeks of intellectual dishonesty. Ida Tarbell's vast history of Standard Oil is frequently condemned for inaccuracy and prejudice, though Mr. Nevins grudgingly admits it to be substantially true. But Mr. Nevins cannot "revise" history too smoothly, or he would have been left without any explanation of the outburst of protest against monopoly capitalism—Standard Oil, the railroads, the finance houses, the steel, sugar and tobacco industries—which rocked the United States from the Populists to the Progressives.

What Mr. Nevins has done, therefore, is to "palliate the record." Certainly there were railroad "rebates" and "drawbacks," and no doubt Standard brought the technique to a fine art. "Of all the devices for the extinction of competition," he says, "this was the cruellest and most deadly yet conceived by any group of American industrialists." But, he argues, the railroads were the real villains: they played the same game with Standard's competitors and with other industries, and drove the farmers of the mid-West close to insurrection. When some action of Standard is too outrageous, Mr. Nevins finds that the blame usually lay with "irresponsible subordinates," or an "aggressive" associate—"he had never announced his retirement, so that men blamed him for what Archbold, H. H. Rogers, Pierce and others were doing"—or that Rockefeller was merely doing what others did. In the last resort Mr. Nevins has to fall back on evidence of his hero's personal integrity or plead, in effect, that the noble result justified the means. Rarely, when the facts cannot be squared in any other way, there is a mild note of censure: ". . . no evidence appears that Rockefeller, who was still nominally president, ever protested against these aggressive policies." "The spectacle" of the Republican boss, Mark Hanna, trying to get the Attorney-General of Ohio to withdraw an anti-trust suit against Standard Oil, reminding him of the party contributions of the Standard leaders, is gently dismissed by Mr. Nevins as "decidedly sad."

This is one of the few references in the body of the book to Standard's political contacts. There is one mention of backing "friendly candidates," and there is a short but illuminating account of its lobbying activities tucked away in an appendix. But, for the most part, the reader is left to make what he can of such tantalising allusions as this. "At the same time Archbold *meddled with politics much more actively and indiscreetly* than the Standard had ever done under Rockefeller." I have inserted the italics that Professor Nevins thinks unnecessary.

There is no reason to quarrel with the tributes to Rockefeller's personal character and to his philanthropy, exercised without bias or reservation. Mr. Nevins is probably right, moreover, in arguing that some of the charges made against Standard were exaggerated and that others were unfounded. But Mr. Nevins has a more profound purpose than merely to set the record straight. By changes of emphasis he has to transform the "robber baron" into a figure whom modern Americans can admire without a sense of guilt. Corporation capitalism, admittedly born under the most disreputable conditions, must be redeemed by presenting its most characteristic leader as the creative folk-hero on whose achievements the American system rests. Mr. Nevins has made a superb effort. But it is beyond his talents to perform this conjuring trick successfully.

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AEGEAN ISLE

Reflections on a Marine Venus. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Faber & Faber.* 25*s.*

To sail into the grand harbour of Mussolini's Rhodes used to be like gliding into a set for *Othello.* The town had been dressed fit to kill by its last Fascist governor, de Vecci, and his artiness had given it this smack of the theatre; even the bougainvillea was clipped into castellations. Perhaps the knights, when they grew rich, had some equally gorgeous notions; the Greeks, one feels, were always more on a footing with the Aegean landscape. It is into their world that one steps if one lands with Mr. Durrell—into a life that is astringent, not lush; a battle with adversity, not a conscious display of charm; gay, not pompous, and with nothing flimsy about its structure.

At one point in the book, he quotes a friend's story about Rhodes with this comment from its author:

> Here am I, a writer, thirty one, who cannot bring his equipment to bear on material of this sort without running the risk of sentimentalising something which was clear as a glass of water: If I touch it, I damage it.

This dilemma faces anyone who loves the place and tries to say so. How impart its essence to people for whom the Mediterranean means only the Riviera, or Alexandria? Mr. Durrell succeeds in keeping his image wonderfully clear. At his hands, landscape, history and people unfold in beautiful and leisurely succession. They range from local saints who keep the ordinary business of life ticking over to printers who run off a few extra bus tickets as a service to their friends. There are baked, eroded mountainsides, lemony groves, and "vineyards built with the fingers, pinch by pinch"; there are rocks hot to the touch, and wines ice-cold because they have

spent the morning down the well. More especial to the Aegean are the worn amphitheatres where sheep now graze while their shepherd eats his sour olives out of a twist of paper, and the hard chairs on the dusty road outside the cafe (Kapheneion!) whose occupants stop arguing only for long enough to size up the stranger's potentialities in political debate.

A book by a Rhodomanc could easily be cloying; the island holds altogether too much about which to be lyrical. This one evades the fault by the good company that its author keeps, and by his happy way of handling the element of time. His moment is 1945; the Germans have gone, the Italians are going, and grave Indian infantrymen are unwinding the barbed wire defences along the quay. With him there lands the English team that is to refurbish the island while the Peace Conference decides its fate—Hoyle the consul, with his weak heart and his "little rests" that are classic moments for observation; Gideon, who discovered that there is room on an Army movement order to insert "via Rhodes" on an instruction to proceed from here to there; and Mills the doctor, whom no one can remember first meeting ("It was simply as if he had always been there"). The reader, admitted to their company, sees everything with them and shares the mood of intellectual high spirits in which they seize the day. They know that their time is limited, and that orders to pack and go must follow upon some drop of a chairman's mallet in Paris; but meantime "Χαίρε"—"Be Happy"—say the unnamed Greek tombstones, and they obey. Towards the end of the book, it is a surprise to discover that one has known them for two years. The story has been timeless because it contrives to display the island's whole panorama—past, present and future—as if all were of one texture. The siege engines of Demetrios Polyorcites and the landmines of 1943, the dedicated lives of the knights and the grave diligence of Mills's patients praying to St. Soulas for healing are all on the same plane. Life is continuous and unchanging:

> White bread has returned and today I saw a gesture which pleased me and reminded me once more how deeply significant, almost biblical, is the Greek attitude to bread. A family party under a tree in some forlorn bombed back-yard in the city. Grandfather, grandmother and three small noisy children were eating bread and garlic. As I passed them, a small piece of bread fell to the ground. The old man picked it up, saying in the kind of voice one would use to a child: "Come up with you, little English breadlet, then," and kissed it before he put it back into the grubby hand of his grandson. The staff of life!

Since the war, the Aegean has become, for far too many people, simply the blue stretch that one crosses at 17,000 feet somewhere on the tedious flight between Rome and Beirut. Its islands are as unimportant as the scattered pieces of a jigsaw. The pilot's message is passed languidly from hand to hand. "Our airspeed is *x*; our groundspeed is *y*; in twenty minutes we shall pass over Rhodes." Most passengers will see only a shape larger than the other shapes, but some—those who are lucky enough to know Mr. Durrell—will look out upon it with a lift of heart.

ELIZABETH MONROE

A MARXIST ON THE NOVEL

An Introduction to the English Novel. Volume II: Henry James to the Present. By ARNOLD KETTLE. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Kettle is a Marxist: he seems to me quite the best English Marxist critic of fiction we have had. He gives us in his new book a series of *lectures expliquées* of sixteen novels beginning with *The Portrait of a Lady* and ending with *Party Going*; to write a history of the novel is not his intention, but a history is implicit all the same. As the analyst of a text—see, for instance, his extremely able elucidation of *The Rainbow*—he is comparable to F. R. Leavis; and he possesses besides the distinct advantage of writing in an admirably clear plain prose. The occasional impression one gets that James, Butler, Bennett and the rest would have been better novelists if they had been more assiduous readers of the *Labour Monthly* is perhaps not helpful, but the fact remains that Dr. Kettle's Marxism, combined with his own literary sensibility, does give him valuable insights into certain authors; it enriches his evaluation of *Nostromo* (as an instance of the excellence of his criticism, his comparison of Conrad's magnificent novel with Dos Passos's *U.S.A.* may be quoted), and it enables him to put forward a new and extraordinarily interesting view of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* as the story and the symbol of the destruction of the peasantry caused by the extension of capitalist farming.

When he deals with the novel today Dr. Kettle seems to me to run into difficulties; then his capacity for enjoyment appears to clash with the demands made on him by his Marxism. He admires, and writes very well on, *Mister Johnson*, *A Family and a Fortune* and *Party Going*, but with Miss Compton-Burnett and Mr. Green he finds it necessary to be on the defensive.

> What may, however, I think be legitimately said is that novels of the *kind* of Mr. Green's and Miss Compton-Burnett's are not a sufficient response to the reasonable demands of the people in a democratic society for a vital and helpful literature.

The point made is real enough: we would all like to see a new Balzac, a George Eliot of the Fifties; but it is expressed in claptrap form. "They are, it has to be said bluntly, middle-class novelists writing from a middle-class standpoint for middle-class readers." Well, the horrid truth must out, and Dr. Kettle himself teaches middle-class English in a middle-class university. Elsewhere in his book, Dr. Kettle refers to the existence of

> a number of novels, of varying merit, written from a fundamentally different point of view, that of the working class. . . . Unlike the bulk of the novels discussed in this volume they do not belong to the end of an epoch.

He instances *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* and Lewis Grassic Gibbon's *A Scots Quair*. I think he should have discussed them, and whatever other novels he associates with them; that is, if they are there to be discussed. But until he names the other novels in this nascent tradition, so that we may see for ourselves what they are worth, I shall not easily escape the feeling that he is following the precedent of the American college which, announcing a new rule for student behaviour, proclaimed, "This tradition will come into effect as of Monday next."

WALTER ALLEN

THE MOOR

Prison on the Moor. By JUSTIN ATHOLL. *John Long.* 15*s.*

Mr. Atholl has chosen a gloomy subject for his book. Any description of a gaol can hardly fail to be grim, and in the case of Dartmoor, where a rigorous climate and isolation combine to depress the spirits of its occupants, its history matches in bleakness the grey granite of its walls. Originally built to house Frenchmen captured during the Napoleonic Wars, the place was opened in 1809. Five years later, when we went to war with America, Americans were included in the population of the prison camp. In February, 1816, at the conclusion of peace, Dartmoor was evacuated. During this first phase of its existence 8,000 prisoners of war passed through its portals, 1,500 of whom died. Yet in some ways this was its happiest period. The inmates were not enemies of society but victims of misfortune; although underfed and overcrowded, they were left very much to their own devices, could run their own lives and earn money by their skill in handicrafts, while the local inhabitants were sympathetic to their plight and held a market daily inside the wall to supply them with such comforts as Devonshire cream.

The buildings remained untenanted until 1850, when the original barracks were adapted for use as a convict prison. And such Dartmoor still is today. One gathers that the authorities

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are not pleased with it: the wretched climate (persistent fog, rain and snow) remains ever the same, and the remote situation is as unpopular with most of the warders as it is with their charges. But in face of our mounting criminal statistics it is too useful a place of confinement to dispense with for the present.

Mr. Atholl would gladly raze the hideous edifice to the ground, going so far as to believe that a century of violence and misery has tainted its very fabric beyond redemption. The many stories he has to tell of the past, of exhausting work and solitary confinement, of harsh warders cooped up with sullen gaol-birds under uneasy Governors, certainly justify Dartmoor's sinister reputation. The same conditions might have been found no doubt at other prisons during the regime of severity which our ancestors approved. But Dartmoor was acknowledged to be a suitable repository for the worst criminals: and wherever you have brutes you get brutality. Trouble came to a head in the mutiny of 1932, when the staff was overpowered and for two hours gangs of convicts ran amok inside the wall until the arrival of the military. Even the official inquiry afterwards was puzzled to account for this sudden savage outburst. The convicts' grievances, such as they were, were of long standing; the Governor was a well-meaning man and by no means a disciplinarian; and if there was a plan for escape it never materialised—not a single man got away in the confusion. Our modern diagnosis would be mass hysteria: a rumour ran round the prison grape-vine that a half-witted prisoner had been maltreated by the warders, and the convicts lost their heads in a frenzy of indignation.

It is an ungrateful task trying to get at the truth of what goes on in a prison, where all the parties concerned are incorrigibly biased. Mr. Atholl has had the advantage of several descriptions of Dartmoor by ex-convicts to supplement his information from official sources. Whatever horrors may have occurred in the past, he is of the opinion that the present regime there is at least tolerable. Even the desire to escape, he thinks, is less prevalent owing to the modern improvement in amenities. And at this point we encounter the crucial problem in penology. Ought prisons to be so comfortable that the inmates do not wish to go out? Or so uncomfortable that nobody wishes to go in? Public opinion is perpetually split on the subject. Each alternative is preferred in turn; and at present we are pressing down the humanitarian pedal. But it is a mistake to think we are the first to do so. Dartmoor in the '50s and '60s of last century was run on "advanced" lines. The convicts grew their hair long, ate enormous meals, went in for theatricals and were invited to recover their self-respect; they responded by slinging stones at the warders whenever they got the chance. Today we are again offering self-respect to the old lags in Dartmoor. Is there any reason to suppose they don't still prefer throwing stones?

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NEW NOVELS

The Second Happiest Day. By JOHN PHILLIPS. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Time's Corner. By NANCY WILSON ROSS. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Hive. By CELA. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Second Happiest Day is a story about American boys declining into manhood, and about some girls who wilt alongside them. It takes them through college and university and into war, and leaves them in the world of today. The home-life of most of them is one of plutocracy, but there are also some "sensitive intruders" from an unprivileged and poorer caste. The narrator, Gus Taylor, is one of these. A scholarship boy, he is received in friendship by George Marsh, third generation of a financial, Roosevelt-hating family, and so gets onto the "merry-go-round" of George's superior set. On the distaff side this is paralleled by a friendship between George's heiress girl friend, Lila Norris, and a penniless charmer called Chee Wee Gibbons. The ups and downs of these intimacies, personal and social, are worked out on a large scale, complicated, but not obscured, by profuse detail.

In fact this is a very notable novel. His publishers compare Mr. Phillips with Scott Fitzgerald. It is a difficult comparison, fruitful only if you forget differences of styles, and try to remember one theme.

> How luxuriously the night air swept her cheeks, bringing tears to her eyes, as the jeep's sealed headlights gave off their minute reflections against the white sandy bunkers of the golf-course and the blacked-out windows of the Coral Beach Club.

That could be Fitzgerald, but it is not. It could be, because it touches the ever-present theme which Fitzgerald explored in *The Great Gatsby* and tried desperately to consummate in *Tender Is The Night.* This was an illusion, and it vanishes when defined. Fitzgerald's writing suggests that he appeared to believe, though the word is too strong, that if you had a lot of money and luxury, and stayed up late every night, there would eventually be vouchsafed to you, probably at 5 a.m. in a night-club, a mysterious revelation. He clung to this and died with it and later American writers have been dogged by his legacy. *The Second Happiest Day,* a first novel, is first also in the thoroughness with which it accepts and reviews this business.

Mr. Phillips does not disown the illusion; he shows what has happened to it in two decades.

> And how Frances had wanted to call over the noise of the engine that they shouldn't go so fast, that the ride should last and last, because when it was over she would be simply herself again, in a borrowed evening dress and a wilted magnolia in her hair.

This, which immediately follows my first quotation, could not be Fitzgerald. Still less this.

> I wish I could go to a house-party and not sleep for three nights, or dive off a yacht with no clothes on. But if I did that nowadays it wouldn't shock a soul. Instead I'd go to an analyst, and he'd tell me it was an aggression. You can have as many aggressions as you want nowadays . . .

To Fitzgerald the analyst was a romantic, exciting figure; now he is just routine. The illusion itself has become disillusioned. That gay seeker of the jazz age—he is met here as "The Old Man," unsatisfactory, dubiously authentic, feeling that he has bequeathed a mess, anxiously determined to ingratiate himself with its heirs.

This is a strongly built book with a style of diligence and wit. Mr. Phillips makes inventories, a bit on the doughy side, but these furnishings are continually breaking into grim meanings, in a way which sometimes reminded me of *Buddenbrooks.* He has exquisite descriptions of young love and "fun times." There is the acrid tenderness of Fitzgerald; not the tact, not the sleight-of-hand, but a very pretty and serious sort of wit, well-suited to this massive work which seems to have sprung fully-armed out of the anonymous pain of an old world dying, a new world powerless to be born.

Time's Corner, also American, is a meritorious curiosity. On the one hand, it is the story of a girl who goes into a House of Retreat in a white cap to recover from a love-affair with a married man, and finds faith on the last page. On the other hand, it is a study of various effects of drugs on drug-addicts. The two stories are meant to play into each other, but it is a lop-sided game, and seems an odd one to have thought of. The girl is persuaded by a doctor to take drugs under his direction in order to help his research into other-dimensional truth, which he believes to be vouchsafed under trance. This happens because the doctor has been called to the House of Retreat to see a doped prostitute who has been dumped on the Sisters by some unsavoury boy-friends. The girl, Louisa Frazier, is thrilled by her visions, but one night she visits the doctor's house in order to collect synthetic morphine for the prostitute, who is writhing in the agony of "withdrawal symptoms." There she is confronted by the doctor's crippled friend, who has the dose, but refuses to give it to her unless she promises never to see the doctor again and never to take another drug. Finally, after listening to his grisly revelations, she promises, becoming by this hard choice "her brother's keeper" and learning the meaning of religious love. The Sisters are naturally pleased, and so is Father Robinson, a gnomic figure, who seeks to assuage her chagrin at being forbidden "to touch a deeper knowledge."

This is all right if you can accept, as this author seems tempted to do, that drugs do really reveal. Her descriptions of things seen in trance are snaky and fascinating. The long, melodramatic scene with the cripple is sinuously exciting in its own terms. This subject would have made a splendid long short story. I enjoyed it more than the religious story with its awkwardly intelligent questioning and its pictures, sometimes beautiful, of the House of Retreat; but both are interesting.

It is no light matter to recommend Cela's *The Hive* to English readers, nor is it entirely necessary. This harsh cartoon of Franco's Madrid, ushered to us by a barrage of acclaim, turns a moving camera onto throngs of seedy Spaniards preoccupied by hunger, money, and desire—in that order. It is a horrid task carried through with unredeemed integrity; Cela allows himself no luxuries, and once only makes a comment which suggests the distinction of his mind.

> We live, up to a point, in the age of effrontery, a spectacle which a few pure-hearted people contemplate from the ring-side with amazement, without quite understanding what is being played—though it is clear enough.

This rises startlingly out of his flat traverse, faithful to what Mr. Barea calls a "hard core of truth in the Spain of today." It is easy to accept that, and to give due value to the fact that Spanish critics are impressed and convinced. It is interesting, of course, that Cela, who fought for Franco and has a job in the Falange, should write a ghastly account of life under this regime; and that it should be introduced with high tribute by an esteemed exile. All this is interesting, and the

one thing it does not do is to face the matter of literary merit. As to that, one claim that I would dispute with confidence is that which describes Cela as a " Spanish Hemingway." He is no such thing, if only because he is too dull; dull and repetitive and sometimes actually lazy in forgetting where he last left one of his hundred-odd characters.

The Hive is certainly a work of force and acumen. It is effectively translated by Mr. J. M. Cohen, " in consultation " with Arturo Barea who cannot, presumably, be held responsible for such odd bits of English idiom as " Bring in the bloke " or " At the café Doña Rosa is fit to be tied."

GILES ROMILLY

CURRY AND LICHEE

Invitation to an Eastern Feast. By AUSTIN COATES. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

There are three courses to this feast, Indian, Burmese and Chinese. The Burmese is no more than a side dish offered with a deprecatory air after an immensely satisfying and subtly flavoured Indian curry. Then follows a most exciting surprise, the Chinese dessert, exquisitely coloured and served with civilised hilarity; not enough of it, unfortunately, but one can always give oneself several helpings.

The author has a genius for getting inside the skin of a country, a genius developed by a merciless use of the inhabitants. His technique is to apply a courtly pressure where the only possible response of good manners is an invitation to dine, to stay, to reply to endless demands for information (sometimes on most personal and intimate matters), and to send him on his way with an introduction to friends to whom the same technique will be applied.

Then Mr. Coates thoroughly reads up his subject, and his three threads—experience, information and reading—are woven together and presented as his own experience. The three-cord trick, in fact. And he does it with an ineffably superior air which Britishers with, say, thirty-odd years' experience of any of the countries may find a trifle upsetting. For instance, he heads his section on Burma " Through Indian Eyes," and we get a genuine *frisson*—can it be fearful admiration—when we discover that those eyes are his.

Yet on the whole Mr. Coates conquers all such resentments by sheer good writing and the very perfection and persistence of his method. He knows his countries so well; he is so adroit at concealing himself behind his Indians, Burmese and Chinese that we forget him and find ourselves living and thinking with the people; amongst their smells, with their prejudices and, as he so clearly intends, with their eyes. We may not like being forced into this position by his superiority but there we are, and we ought to be grateful that our vicarious travels do not seem remote and secondhand. Doughty did the same trick by nobler means.

It is a beautifully produced book with very pleasant margins and lovely illustrations excellently displayed. Can Mr. Coates have supervised the production?

FRANCIS DILLON

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Orchestral. BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3 (" Eroica ") (Philharmonia/Karajan. **§C.33CX 1046). As a performance this stands up well to the existing versions by Toscanini and Kleiber, while as a recording it is decidedly superior to either. The Kleiber LP (an early Decca) sounded well in its day, but now seems bodiless and poor in the string department. Karajan's approach to the work is nearer to Kleiber's than to Toscanini's, but where Karajan seems to me chiefly to gain is in the lyrical feeling that suffuses the music from end to end of the symphony. The disc surface is rather crackly at times, but the recording is masterly. BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 6 (Pittsburg Sym Orch/Steinberg. **§Cap.CTL.7023.); Ditto (Vienna Sym Orch/Klemperer. *§V.PL.6960.) Klemperer's care for the bird song which is a constant feature of this symphony makes it sound almost like a concerto for woodwind. This is a delightfully individual performance, but the third movement seems to me really too slow and the recording is far from comfortable. The Steinberg version is hardly less affectionate: with the possible exception of the first horn, who does not seem a very strong player, the execution is immaculate and beautifully clear, the recording luminous. DVORAK: Symphony No. 2, D minor (Hamburg Radio Sym Orch/Schmidt-Isserstedt. *§D.LXT2807.) I have seen it opined that the wind and brass should not be too forward in this symphony. I admit this is arguable, but do not agree; those who do will find this an eminently satisfactory record, for, though the work is fairly thickly scored, there are no passages of ugly sound and the very Brahmsian music is most understandingly conducted. BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 3, C minor (Kraus/Vienna Sym Orch/Moralt. §V.PL7270.) Lili Kraus gives an account of the solo which is in the best sense feminine—cool, unflustered, and in excellent taste; it might also be thought superficial. The tone of the piano and wind is excellent, that of the strings rather gramophoney; but I think readers will be happier with this version than with the Backhaus, which is uninteresting. SCHUMANN: Piano Concerto (Kempff/LSO/Krips. *§D.LXT2806.) A dreamy, intensely lyrical performance, distinguished by the outstandingly beautiful touch of Wilhelm Kempff, this is really far more idiomatic than the more brilliant Lipatti version. The recording is consistently agreeable, though slightly muffled, and there is some lack of sparkle in the Finale; but the disc can be confidently recommended. CHOPIN: Concerto No. 1, E minor; Four Impromptus (Horszowski/Vienna Municipal Philharmonia/Swarowsky. §V.PL 7870.) Though of Polish origin, Horszowski does not here show himself a very understanding interpreter of Chopin. Of course there is much that is eloquent and sensitively phrased in his performance; but his bass is consistently emphatic, his passage-work not always clear, and the general scale of his playing is more suited to Beethoven than to Chopin. The same criticisms apply to his account of the Impromptus. The Mewton Wood version of the concerto, though a good deal less well recorded than the Vox disc, seems to me distinctly preferable. Also highly recommended: CORELLI: 12 Concerti grossi, Op 6 (Corelli Tricentenary String Orch/Eckertsen. **§V.PL7893, 3 discs).

Medium Play Records. These discs, of which some two dozen (mostly overtures) have so far been issued, are a sensible solution to the problem of the medium-length vocal or instrumental piece. For the price of 18*s.* 0½*d.* discophiles will in future be able to get a couple of pieces, both complete on one side and possessing the advantages of LP recording and surface. This first issue is not, however, very satisfactory, because Decca have elected to transfer a good many of their poorish early ffrr SPs, which sound no better in their new form. The transfers from later LP tapes seem, so far as I have heard them, to differ not at all from the LP editions. Of the few issues that are quite new readers will probably be most interested in six popular Beethoven overtures, adequately though not sensationally well played, by LPO/Van Beinum. **Leonora No. 3** and **The Consecration of the House** (*D.LW5016) are specially good value for the money.

Chamber Music and Piano. HAYDN: Six String Quartets, Op 20 (Schneider Qt. §N.HLP 16-18.) This series is no less beautiful and inventive, and more highly developed technically, than Op 17. No. 1 contains a wonderful slow movement—a kind of Cavatina; and three of the series have brilliant fugal Finales. Both performance and recording are highly variable, so that I am inclined to give one star to Nos. 2, 5 and 6, and to withhold any from the others. The playing of the Schneider Quartet, so impressive in their versions of Op 17, is here somewhat disappointing: there is much thoughtful phrasing, but the tone seems to be always either forte or piano, ignoring

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the shades between. The recording is very realistic but a little hard. BEETHOVEN: Cello Sonatas, Op 5, No. 1; Op 102, Nos. 1 and 2 (Starker/Bogin. **§N.PLP561); Op 5, No. 2; Op 69 (Starker/Bogin. **§N.PLP560). A most important issue. The works themselves are inexhaustible masterpieces and the sonatas of Op 5 will come as a surprise to anyone who still thinks of early Beethoven as inferior Haydn. On the evidence of these performances Starker is unquestionably a great cellist: the smoothness and purity of his tone, the unfailing accuracy of his intonation, the eloquence of his phrasing, are alike astonishing; and he is ably seconded by a young pianist, Abba Bogin, who seems an admirable technician and only in one case (Op 1, No. 1) tends to drown the cellist. It is possible to feel in some movements—notably the Adagio of Op 102, No. 2—that Starker's interpretation lacks the brooding intensity of Casals (in his now deleted version); but his playing is never less than highly musicianly. The recording is first rate. BACH: Six Sonatas for flute and harpsichord (Baker/Marlowe. **§B.AXTL1015-6). These sonatas display Bach's genius in its most attractive light: they are a mine of beautiful, sinuous tunes and the writing for the flute is fascinatingly varied and ingenious. Julius Baker's tone is pure and rich —a most welcome contrast to the fluffy sounds produced by most English flautists; and Sylvia Marlowe's playing is in excellent taste. Except in the first sonata, where the harpsichord is too backward, the balance and recording are very good. SCHUMANN: Piano Trio, D minor, Op 63 (Mannes/Gimpel/Silva. §B.AXTL1014). A vigorous, competent, but poker-faced account of one of Schumann's finest pieces of chamber music. The tone of Gimpel's violin emerges as thin and nasal, and the recording is not very clear. Side 2 includes Schubert's Nocturne in E flat, a dull, long-winded and extremely sentimental piece written about 1827. CLARA SCHUMANN: Piano Trio, G minor; BEETHOVEN: Trio, B flat major, Op posth (Mannes/Gimpel/Silva, *§B.AXTL1019). This well written, Mendelssohnian work was worth reviving: the material has a good deal of charm, though the working of it is perhaps on the weak side. It is played with much more feeling and is better recorded than the Trio by Robert Schumann. The little Beethoven work, intentionally slight, was composed just after the "Archduke." Unlike some of Beethoven's "easy" pieces, this one is far from dull or thin: it is constructed round a most haunting theme and will bear repeated hearing. FAURE: *Piano Quartet No. 1, C minor (Gaby Casadesus/Guilet Qt.); Cello Sonato No. 2 (Soyer/Mittman. §N.QLP4007): String Quartet, E minor (Guilet Qt.); Violin Sonata No. 2 (Guilet/Gaby Casadesus. §N.QLP4008). The early Piano Quartet, one of Fauré's few really popular pieces, receives a very lively performance, adequately recorded. Elsewhere in these discs the playing is rather meagre and charmless, the string tone pinched, the piano weak on bass. None of these faults, however, seems to me bad enough to prevent these records from being of great value to those who want to acquaint themselves with the interesting late works of a much neglected master of chamber music. BUSONI: Violin Sonata No. 2, E minor (Rostal/Mewton Wood. §Ar.ARS1014). This sonata is the first important work of Busoni's to be recorded over here. In its Brahmsian way it is a thoughtful and moving piece. The performance is smooth and skilful, the recording quite well managed, though the tone of the violin sounds thin. CHOPIN: Studies, Op. 25; Trois nouvelles études (Novaes. §V.PL7560). Here Guiomar Novaes challenges comparison with the Goldsand issue (Nixa); but, although she gets a more consistently faithful recording and a more silent surface, her account of the pieces is less masterly than his. A few of the items (Nos. 4, 5, 9, 11 and 12) are entirely successful; elsewhere her playing is stodgy and lacking in poetry —a shortcoming that is particularly disastrous to the Trois nouvelles études. Highly recommended: DUKAS: Villanelle for horn and piano (Brain/Moore. **C.DB3300).

Vocal. MOZART: *Zaide* (Dobbs/Cuénod/Demigny/Peyron/Riley/Paris Phil Orch/Leibowitz. §N.QLP4901, 2 discs). This unfinished Singspiel was composed in 1779 and may be regarded as in some sort a sketch for *Die Entführung*, which it closely resembles both in plot and musical style. At least two of the numbers are strikingly beautiful: the soprano aria in Act 1, "Ruhe sanft" (touchingly sung by Mattiwilda Dobbs), and the trio in slow six-eight, "O selige Wonne." The singing is mostly very good, but René Leibowitz does not seem quite at home in Mozart and his tempi are apt to be too fast. There are two passages of "melodrama," but they are over long and the speaking voice is curiously muffled. The balance is poor and the recording generally not comfortable, with too little bass. RAVEL: *L'heure espagnole* (Soloists/Radiodiffusion Orch/Leibowitz. **§V.PL7880). This famous opera buffa receives a very brilliant performance. The cast, headed by Janine Linda, sing with style and verve, though one could wish the Ramiro rather more forthright. The scintillating score is admirably played and the recording is very clear. SCHUBERT: Mass in E flat major (Soloists/Akademie Kammerchor/Vienna Sym Orch/Moralt. *§V.PL7840). Written in the last year of his life, this Mass is generally considered the finest of Schubert's religious works. This is a well studied performance and the soloists are a remarkably homogeneous body. The recording tends to be shrill, but this can easily be corrected by a steep-cut filter. TIPPETT: *Boyhood's End* and *The Heart's Assurance* (Pears/Mewton Wood. *§Ar.ATC1005). The first of these works is a setting of a passage from W. H. Hudson's "Far away and long ago," the second a song cycle to poems by Alun Lewis and Sidney Keyes. Both are among the most original British works of our time, deeply moving as well as brilliant examples of virtuoso writing for tenor and piano. The performances are completely worthy of the very difficult music and the recording, if at times rather hard on the ear, is on the whole well managed. BELLINI: *Sonnambula*—"L'anel di dono"; MASCAGNI: *L'Amico Fritz*—"O amore" (Tagliavini. **G.DB21579). This lovely record was made about 1940, when Tagliavini's voice was at its very best. It is better recorded and more freshly sung than his later offerings. Also highly recommended: SCHUBERT recital (Souzay. **§D.LX3104); SCHUBERT: *Der Doppelgänger* and *Am Meer* (Fischer-Dieskau. **G.DB21586); CATALANI: *La Wally*—"Ebben?"; VERDI: *Aida*—"O patria mia" (Hammond. *G.DB21580).

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,226

Set by Thomas Tusher

With reference to the correspondence now raging in our columns, the usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from a neo-Byronic satire entitled *Provincial Bards and Metropolitan Reviewers*. Limit 16 lines. Entries by September 1st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,223

Set by G. de Vavasour

New colours chosen for London bus tickets when fares go up on August 16th are: 1d. salmon; 2d. white; 2½d. primrose; 3d. (early morning singles) pink and overprinted EMS; 3d. (on routes 86, 87, 174 and 247) white with geranium edges; 3½d. blue; 4d. (early morning single) apple green and overprinted EMS; 5d. orange; 7d. brown; 8½d. yellow; 10d. green; 1s. magenta; 1s. 1d. lilac; 1s. 3d. grass green. Prizes are offered for a sonnet in the *symboliste* manner, inspired by this news.

Report by G. de Vavasour

It may be that our competitors own a bicycle, or, more probably, a car. For hardly one of them referred to the over-all symbolic feature of this pretty utterance of the L.P.T.B.—the rise, this very week, in fares. Geranium, forsooth! the cynicism! It was this increase that should have given the poem a fourth dimension, as it were; distance, time (and expense) already affecting not only the officials' choice of colour but the poet's reaction.

O heartless spectrum! O deceiving pigment!

as competitor D. N. Dalglish observed. An omnibus-user ourself, we could not but shake our head at the innocent Georgian rhapsodies that the theme so frequently inspired, and recommend that the prizes be shared by the writers of the four entries printed below.

One penny, salmon; the first flush of shame—
That shame which drains the shameless twopence white;
Three pennies pink with dawn's reluctant light,
And threepence halfpenny blued with vulgar blame;
Four pennies, apple-green and apple-sour;
Five pennies, orange; that excessive hue
Whose gaudy cheek persists in bulging through
The seven pennies' brown and sombre glower.

And eightpence halfpenny, like a mandarin
Yellow and smug; wry tenpence, envy-green;
Twelve pence, magenta, like spilt blood congealed;

And thirteen pence, corpse-lilac and obscene ;
While thirty bits of copper tarnish in
This ticket grass-green as the Potter's Field.

GRAEME WILSON

O, l'arc-en-ciel qu'on me prépare aux voyages !
Saumon sautillant d'enfance (ne t'assieds pas !) ;
La vierge blanche qui va tout près ; là-bas
Des primavères, à cinq sous ; souci des passages

Vers l'aubade du pommier, aux lettres, aux images.
O Trinité, carrefour tricoloré ! O bleu, à mi-pas !
Est-ce à l'Orangerie que le cinq va ?
Marrons et jaunes, que de lourds présages !

Mais voilà, c'est Moïse qui commande, en vert,
Et, en mage, magenta,—chiffre apostolique.
Plus loin c'est le lilas, parfum mystique.

Alors, c'est la fin,—chemin grand'ouvert !
Mais non, encore une ! Mais pourquoi si chère ?
Tais-toi, mon enfant, elle te mène à la cimetière.

MYRA VERNEY

High summer, and the fares fast-burgeoning
Outspeed the springing corn ; commuters hear
How, with the cuckoo's cuck, the ticker's ting
Inserts a doom-note into spring's all-clear.

See London all alight ! the coloured wake-
Orange, magenta, apple-green and all
That flutters round these barren poles would make
A monochrome of a New England fall.
  But this foreboded winter makes us quail,
Lest we should peer into our palms and see
The salmon bleached bone-white, the primrose pale
To shivering blue, and brown and apple-tree,
  The whiteness streaked with blood as the weeks pass,
  And summer's lilac vanished in the grass.

ELAINE MORGAN

No early morning single shall ensnare me,
Though splashed with apple green—or mocha brown ;
The late-last sixty-eight will never bear me
Along the primrose path to Camden Town ;
For, daub them how you will, these paper pieces
Are passports to a land of too long waiting
Where engines throb—not hearts—and progress ceases
While traffic queues and gentry stand debating
How, when or where to go—but never why.
And when the evening comes they spell dismissal,
Goodbye, all's over. Trodden down they lie—
Magenta, blue—their knell the clippie's whistle,
Their message ? Someone pays for peacock-talk
And pretty trifles. Not me though : I shall walk.

HAROLD FLAKERS

CHESS : Game of Chance ?

No. 203.

We should have no patience with those who suggest with a cynical sneer that Chess is a game of chance, and it is in the properly zealous spirit of confounding such cynics that I propose to prove our rule by relating one or two exceptions. Here is a position reached (1907) in a skittle at the Vienna Chess Club by that inveterate purveyor of surprise-attacks, Dr. Joseph Krejcik. He had certainly enough open files to please him, but an alarming deficiency of pawns, and when his opponent played (1) . . . Kt-B6, Krejcik realised

that the one P to be regained by a swop of Kt's and Q's would still leave him a lost ending. Here he imagined he had a brainwave and played (2) Kt-K7 ch, followed by (3) Q x P ch. The *kiebitzers* giggled, maliciously aware of Krejcik having overlooked the pin of his R. So he had, and but for some timely moral support from exalted quarters he would have resigned there and then. Among those sitting behind him was the great Maroczy, quietly browsing in a chess magazine ; and when Krejcik heard the grandmaster exclaim the Hungarian equivalent of " Marvellous," he took heart, convinced of resources hidden in his position. Rather than resign he put on his haughtiest air and moved (4) P-Q5. The *kiebitzers* stopped giggling, the opponent stopped gloating and after prolonged thought, played Q-B1. Like a flash, Krejcik countered (5) R-Q4, P-Kt3, (6) B-B6, P-Kt4, (7) R(4)-Q3, P-Kt5, (8) R-Q4, Q-B4, (9) R-R3 ch, P x R, (10) R-R4 ch., etc. After the game there were merely two fallacies left to be resolved. By (6) R-R4 ch and mate next move Krejcik could have done without the skilful R-manoeuvres, and as for Maroczy, he had not been looking at the game at all, his laudatory exclamation referring to a problem in his magazine.

Further to prove (or disprove) that there is (or isn't) justice in Chess and that fortune does (or doesn't) favour the brave, here—quoted from Alfred Brinckmann's excellent column in *Schach-Echo*, is a position in which C. Ahues found himself some time ago ; a P down and evidently unable to counter the threat to the pinned B he sat brooding while his opponent strutted around the tournament hall telling all and sundry that the game was practically over. It was. For after (1) B-R3, R x R there followed (2) Q-R6 ch,

K x Q, (3) B-B8 ch, K-Kt4, (4) P-R4 ch, K-Kt5, (5) B-K2, Mate.

A : Book 1946

B : P. Sobolevsky 1952

C : L. Prokes 1951

In this week's competition the 4-pointer for beginners is a rather instructive game position in which White forced his opponent's resignation by one move. Both **B** and **C** were 1st-prize winners, and most deservedly so too. White to win in both of them, and they would hardly be overrated with 6 and 7 points respectively.

Usual prizes. Entries by August 31.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 1

A : (1) B-Kt2, B-R8 ! (2) B-R3, P-Kt7, and White must first lift the stalemate.

B : (1) P x B ch, P x P. (2) R-R4 ch, B-K5. (3) R(4) x B, P x R. (4) B-K5 ch, P x B. (5) R-Q8 ch, Kt-Q4 ch. (6) R x Kt ch, P x R. (7) Kt-B6 mate.

C : (1) B/B7-K5, P-R4 (best). (2) B-R1, P-R5. (3) B/Kt8)-K5, K-R7. (4) K-B2, P-R6. (5) K-B3, K x B (best). (6) K-Kt3 ch, K-Kt8. (7) B-R1, P-R7. (8) K-B3, K x B. (9) K-B2 mate. if (5) . . . P-R6. (4) K-Q2, followed by K-B3 etc.

D : (1) P-R8(Q), K-K3. (2) P-B8(B), K-Q3. (3) P-K8(R) ch, K-B4 (4) P-K8(Kt) ch, Kt x Kt mate.
if (1) . . . K-B3. (2) Q-B6 ch, Kt x Q. (3) P-Q5 ch, Kt x P. (4) Kt-Kt4 ch, Kt x Kt mate.

E : (1) P-QKt4 (thr. R-KB5), R-B4 ch. (2) P x R (thr. R-Kt1), P-R7. (3) P-B6 (thr. R-KB5), B-B2. (4) P x P, any (5) P x Kt(B) mate.

F : (1) B-B4, Q x B. (2) R-KR1, B x R. (3) P-Q5! etc.

G : (1) R-Kt4 ch, K-B1. (2) R x KBP, R-B1 ch. (3) K-K6, R x R. (4) P-Q7 ch, K-B2. (5) R x P ch, Kt x R. (6) P queens ch, K x Q.
if (3) . . . B-R6 ch. (4) K-K7, R x R. (5) R x P ch, Kt x R. (6) P-Q7 ch, B x P.

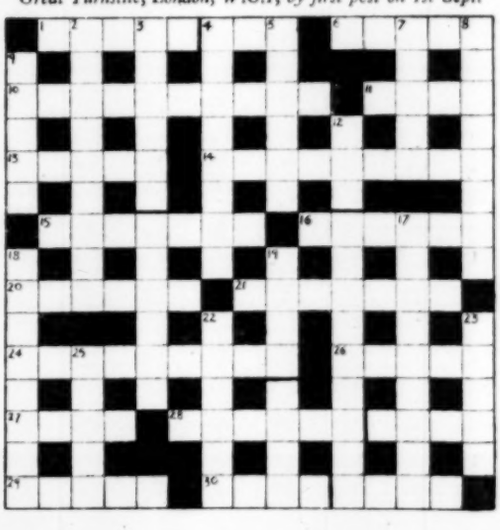
H : (1) Q-QKt7, P-K5. (2) Q x KP, R-K1 ! (3) P-R7, P queens ! (4) P queens ch, R x Q. (5) Q x Q, R-K1. (6) B-K2, R-Q1 ! (7) B-Q3, R-K1. (8) B-K4 ! K-Q1. (9) B-Q5, R-K1. (10) B-K6, R-Q1. (11) B-Q7 etc.

A large entry with most competitors dropping merely a few points over **G** or **H**. Over a dozen flawless solutions. Prizes shared by E. Allan, C. Allen, N. McKelvie, F. R. Oliver. *Non-Londoners' 13th move* R-K1. *Londoners' 13th due by Aug.* 26. To numerous well-wishers for the column's third " century " my sincere thanks.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 62

Prizes : Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 62, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 1st Sept.



ACROSS

1. Young man with the means of getting in a musical term (5, 3).
6. Without transgression the biblical place would be first-rate (5).
10. Cases for the papers (10).
11. The leather is caught by Gover ; on the leg side ? (4).
13. Authorization to pay (5).
14. What issues from the oriental mother-country (9).
15. Cutting school (7).
16. Entoiling spinner (6).
20. Apparatus for reply (6).
21. Whistler and watchman ? (7).
24. Juicy uncles cut in pieces (9).
26. What the eye cannot easily let pass (5).
27. Backyard vehicle (4).
28. Little sailor on watch (6, 4).
29. River party (5).
30. Where to operate on the rugger field ? (4, 4).

DOWN

2. Luminant (9).
3. Where to find blue entertainment in London ? (6, 6).
4. Scene of catfights (8).
5. Change a money order for the countryman (6.)
7. This service would help to give China a fight (5).
8. Toy trains or soldiers ? (8).
9. Make love like a nursery rhyme eloper (5).
12. What the hen does to produce the curate's egg ? (3, 9).
17. Nod (9).
18. The long journeys may make us scared (8).
19. Engineers a truce perhaps ; a respite is needed (4, 4).
22. Sheep which may appear in Rome (6).
23. School of painting from the dales (5).
25. Take this to preside (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 60

S	A	L	T	F	L	E	E	T	■	N	E	C	K	S
P	■	A	R	D	■	A	■	O	■	R	■	H	■	■
A	B	S	C	O	N	D	■	N	I	R	V	A	N	A
D	■	T	■	N	■	Y	■	T	■	T	■	W	■	M
E	I	G	H	T	S	■	B	A	C	H	E	L	O	R
S	■	R	■	S	■	B	Y	M	■	S	■	■	■	O
■	D	E	B	■	B	A	R	O	M	E	T	R	I	C
A	■	E	■	H	■	T	■	U	■	A	■	E	■	K
S	U	N	B	A	T	H	I	N	G	■	A	S	H	■
S	■	■	■	S	■	T	■	T	■	R	■	O	■	A
O	B	L	A	T	I	O	N	■	H	E	A	R	T	S
N	■	A	■	I	■	W	■	A	■	T	■	T	■	C
A	F	R	A	N	G	E	■	S	E	A	S	I	D	E
N	■	G	■	G	■	L	■	I	■	I	■	N	■	N
T	E	S	T	S	■	S	T	A	R	L	I	G	H	T

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 60

Katherine Szpreglewski (West Kilbride), D. V. Ford (London, N.4), D. R. Etzen (Khartoum).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for a position of Senior Lecturer in Psychology. Salary: £A1,246 to £A1,496 per annum (this includes £A246 cost of living allowance), commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation is similar to F.S.S.U. For medical graduates the salary range is £A1,346 to £A1,746. Duties: Teaching, research and other work in psychology, especially psychopathology, including work in the new Research Centre for Child Development. Preference will be given to candidates with qualifications in medicine, particularly psychological medicine. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is October 15, 1953.

B.B.C. invites applications from British subjects for Burmese Programme Organiser and Vietnamese Programme Organiser. Duties: supervision of Programme Sections broadcasting in Burmese and Vietnamese and planning and production of programmes involving preparation in English of News Bulletins, Commentaries and Talks for translation into Burmese and Vietnamese. Essential qualifications: knowledge of spoken and written Burmese or Vietnamese, editorial ability, administrative experience, and a knowledge of and interest in world affairs in general and the affairs of South-East Asia and the Far East in particular. Wide cultural and academic background desirable.—Salary £900 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,195 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "90 N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant in Swansea. Duties include production of varying types of programmes, but chiefly talks, involving selecting and editing material, booking and rehearsing artists and speakers. Qualifications required: good general education, wide interests, particularly in industry and agriculture, enterprise and initiative in formulating and putting into operation programme ideas of widely varying types, knowledge of Wales and Welsh language. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,065 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "93 N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

CANE Hill Hospital Management Committee, Coulsdon, Surrey. Applications are invited for the position of (second) Psychiatric Social Worker. The hospital provides accommodation for over 2,000 male and female patients and serves a wide area in South London where five out-patient clinics are held. Clerical assistance is provided. Applicants must hold an approved Mental Health Certificate but students completing the current course are invited to apply. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with those prescribed by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council "A"-for the Health Service. Applications, giving the names of two referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapist (Male) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification, but applications from unqualified Therapists might be considered. National Whitley Council Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Application, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Desford Boys' School. Headmaster: S. H. Taylor. Applications are invited by the Managers of the Desford Boys' School for the post of resident Housemother at Desford Hall, an Annexe of the above School. The Housemother will give personal care to a group of younger boys, and will co-operate closely with the psychological services assisting in the administration of the School. This post is an innovation and will give great scope for experiment. Preference will be given to candidates holding the Certificate of the Central Training Council in Child Care or an equivalent qualification. Salary will be according to National Scales, viz., £5 17s. 6d. per week, less £1 13s. per week for board, lodging and laundry. These rates are at present under review. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom completed applications should be returned by September 5, 1953. Kenneth Goadsby, Town Clerk.

CHILDREN'S Worker, Oct. 1. Man preferred, for Children's and Junior Boys' Clubs and general settlement work including family case work. Apply The Warden, Beauchamp Lodge, 2 Warwick Crescent, W.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1953, but an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interviews will generally be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1953; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1953. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1953 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £681—£838 (men); £586—£707 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £274—£607 (men); £274—£511 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower in provinces. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/53. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Appointment of Child Care Officer. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the full-time post of Child Care Officer on the staff of the Children's Officer. Salary in accordance with Grade III of the National Joint Council's scales for Local Authorities' APT and Clerical Services, i.e., £525×£15—£570 per annum. The post offers valuable experience in all aspects of work for children deprived of a normal home life, including Court work, Adoptions, preventive work and boarding-out in the City of Leicester and the surrounding County. Preference will be given to candidates aged 25 years or over, and it is desirable that the successful candidate should possess a car. The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date September 5, 1953. Kenneth Goadsby, Town Clerk.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department, Visiting Officer. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed a maximum of £570 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than August 31, 1953. Canvassing forbidden. John E. Lightburn, Clerk of the County Council.

CITY of Manchester, Health Department. Appointment of Occupation Centre Assistant Supervisor (Male). Applications are invited for the above appointment in a day-time Occupation Centre in Manchester for mentally defective children. Salary £325×£15—£370 per annum if qualified; £295×£15—£340 if unqualified. Details and form of application, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, from the Medical Officer of Health, Town Hall, Manchester 2, by whom applications should be received by August 31, 1953.

MANCHESTER Corporation Health Department. Applications are invited from qualified persons for the part-time or permanent appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker in Sole Charge in the Mental Health Service. Salary in accordance with the recommendations of the Professional and Technical Council "A". Applicants about to qualify will be considered. Details and form of application, which should be returned by August 31, may be obtained from the Medical Officer of Health, Town Hall, Manchester 2.

ADMINISTRATIVE Secretary.—A student organisation in the East Midlands will shortly have a vacancy for an Adm. Secy. Commencing salary on the scale £300 to £350. Main qualifications: proficient Sh./Typing, sound knowledge of office routine, initiative and discretion. Further details and applic. forms may be obtained from Box 1309.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FABIAN Society. Appointment of General Secretary. Applications are invited by Sept. 14, 1953, for the position of General Secretary at a salary of £700 p.a. upwards for a full-time appointment. Applications for a part-time appointment are not excluded. Particulars from 11 Dartmouth St., London, S.W.1. Mark letters "App./Gen. Sec."

FAMILY Service Units require resident case-workers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in many parts of the country. Residence with pay during training period. F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Children's Department. Qualified Nursery Nurse required at the Malatia Nursery, 78 St. Augustine's Avenue, South Croydon (for 24 children under 2½ years). Salary—under 19 years of age £110 p.a.; 19-20 £325 p.a.; 20 and over £347 10s., £460 p.a.; less £130-£135 p.a. for board and lodging. The appointment is pensionable subject to medical examination. Applications (on forms from the Children's Officer, 3 Fell Road, Croydon) must be submitted to her by September 12, 1953. E. Tabernor, Town Clerk.

PONTYPOOL Educational Settlement. Applications are invited for the post of Warden's Assistant (woman) to take charge of Drama activities and Women's Clubs. Applicants should have organising ability and qualifications in drama. Application form and further particulars from: The Warden, Pontypool Educational Settlement, Rockhill Road, Pontypool, Mon.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Dept. Supervisors, Res. (female) rqd., at Hurtwood School, Peaslake, Surrey. Wage 102s. 6d. p. 48-hr. wk.; less 33s. residential emoluments. Duties include care and welfare of junior deaf children out of school hours. Prescribed conditions. Apply to Headmistress at School, stating age, experience, 2 referees immediately (quoting M.357 N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

CHILDREN'S Worker required for Junior Club and Care Committee Work. Ability play piano an advantage. Post can be residential. Apply in writing to the Warden, Stepney Jewish Settlement, Beaumont Hall, Beaumont Grove, Stepney, E.1.

SECRETARIAL/Technical Assistant required for physiological research investigation. Typing essential. Science and mathematics to General Certificate of Education standard an advantage. Duties will involve general secretarial work and help with technical side of investigation. Applicants should be 25 or over. Starting salary, according to age, from £305 or £315. Eventual maximum £390. Application forms, to be returned within seven days, from Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5. (RFL.)

LONDON Merchants seek highly qualified Metal and Ore Departmental Manager conversant with international trading conditions and barter business. Good profit participation permanent position with eventual directorship. Apply Secretary, J. C. Gilbert, Ltd., Columbia House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

NATIONAL Union of Students req. experienced Manager to take charge of developing Book Department; mainly postal business; scope for initiative. For full partics. write: Gen. Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

COLLABORATION on very interesting and new aspect of politico-economic nature sought with young Academician fully conversant with theory of political economy and statistics. Must be University graduate (Oxford or Cambridge preferred) not full-time job. Good salary. Box 1234.

NURSERY Assistant, resident or non-resident, required for the Alice Model Day Nursery. Ability to sing or play piano an advantage. Apply in writing to the Warden, Stepney Jewish Settlement, Beaumont Hall, Beaumont Grove, London, E.1.

TEACHER for first subjects to group of junior boys. Symonds Down House, near Axminster, Devon.

MATRON for twenty junior boys, willing take part in out-of-school activities. Symonds Down House, nr. Axminster, Devon.

PSYCHOLOGIST (m.) reqd. in small school for junior maladjusted boys. Box 1227.

PART-time Tutor in English for foreign students required Denmark Hill, S.E.5, area. Box 1049.

CONTACT Lens specialist requires lady receptionist, pref. wearer, or suitable case for contact lenses. Age 20-25. Box 1203.

SHORTHAND-Typist. Author immediately reqs. assistance competent girl, full-time, for short period. Send full partics. Box 1194.

EXPERIENCED bi-lingual English/German Secretary with initiative required by Exporters of standing. Only applicants used to methodical, independent work and typing considered. Box 1214.

SHORTHAND-typists. Copy typists. Attractive full-time temporary work (hrs. 10-5), or part-time by hour, day, wk. High rates of pay. Josephine Hall & Partners, 501 Grand Bldgs, Trafalgar Sq. W.C.2. WHI. 5392/6412.

PROF. couple Muswell Hill, seek Oct. H'kpr. & Nannie, boys 4½ & 1. Box 1189.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST End Office requires half-day Secretary, efficient both in English and German correspondence. Only ladies used to work and reliable please apply to Box 1192.

EXPD. Sec. Sh./Typs. for London posts. Salary up to £8. Also for temporary work, £6 10s. (10-5, no Sats.) Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

DOMESTIC Staff: British or Continental cooks, cooks-general, mother's helps, married couples, etc., available through Five Cities Bureau, 90a George Street, London W.1. WEL. 3897. We also secure first-class jobs for employees.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EDUCATED gentleman urgently seeks change of occupation, organising, social welfare, secretarial and administrative expert, many years as public & deputation speaker, licensed lay reader. Anything considered which offers hard work, scope and a call for initiative. Excellent refs available. Box 1180.

GENTLEMAN, 35, univ. educ., organis. & admin. exp. commercial & voluntary organisations, skls. suitable post. Box 1117.

ARCHT., 30, prac., teaching, and extra-mural experience, own typewriter (and ideas), sks. part-time wk. London. Box 1244.

YOUNG Artist, of more than usual talent and versatility, with some designing and drawing office experience, requires interesting post, full/part time, London area. Box 1239.

BUSINESS and Pleasure! If it needs originality, discrimination, imagination and push, plus proved business and writing ability, that's the job for this Hons. Eng. graduate. Write Box 1209.

INTELLIGENT, adaptable yng. man (32) sks. post pref. cultural sphere. Present hours of employment excessive. Box 1303.

WOMAN Hons. grad. (32) with sec. training sks. post at home/abroad. Box 1249.

LIBRARY Assistant, yng. lady, 5 yrs. exp. Public Univ. libraries (esp. Colonial affairs) sks. intstg. post London. Box 1154.

YOUNG woman, well-educated, good appearance and manner, seeks work from Sept. 21. Birmingham area, first-class cook, considerable knowledge and exper. animals, interested books, painting, flowers but not children. Poss. receptionist. Box 1143.

HAND-loom weaver and designer seeks situation. 15 years' experience. Box 1400.

CAPABLE educ. girl sks. intg. post Oxford/Cambridge. Anything consid. Box 1310.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

AUGUST Penguins out To-day. Case of the Counterfeit Eye—Erle Stanley Gardner (2s.), Murder of My Aunt—Richard Hull (2s.), Tom Brown's Body—Gladys Mitchell (2s.), Edmund Campion—Evelyn Waugh (2s.), Loving—Henry Green (2s.), Four English Tragedies—Ed. J. M. Morrell (2s. 6d.), Science News 29 (2s.), Letters of Gertrude Bell—Ed. Lady Richmond (2s. 6d.), The Vocabulary of Politics—T. D. Weldon (2s.), Milton: Selected Poems—Ed. L. D. Lerner, Shakespeare—Love's Labour's Lost—Ed. G. B. Harrison (2s.). For full list write to Penguin Books, Dept. P, Harmondsworth, Middx. U.S.A. readers please write Penguin Books Inc., 3300 Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore, Md.

FULL report of the debate in the Commons on conscientious objectors: 8d., postage paid from the Central Board for C.O.s, 6 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

"EASTERN World," the leading monthly on S.E. Asia, Far East. £1 5s. p.a., single copies 2s. 45 Dorset St., W.1.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

DEUTSCHE Bucher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

COMINTERN, U.S.S.R., Trotsky: pre-war books/pamphlets/periodicals wtd. Hammersmith Bookshop. W.6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS on Economics, Politics & Sociology always wanted. Frank Cass (Books) Ltd., 31 Lewiston Place, London, N.16.

NOVELS in English, French, German etc., bought. We are also interested in buying other literature. Pulteney, 89 Charlotte Street, W.1. MUSeum 4397.

WE buy any books. London Book Co., 391 St. John St., E.C.1. TER. 1427.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

BOOKS, Gram. records, 2nd-hand, posted. Lists: Silverdale, 47 Bink St., Glasgow.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

CHESHIRE. Small Stone Cottage in old village of Kerridge on hill overlooking Cheshire Plain. (Buses Macclesfield 2½ miles, trains to Manchester). Large Living Room, 2 Bedrooms with built-in cupboards, wash basin in one, Kitchen with bath recess, solid fuel stove, Scullery and Larder. Garden. All Services. Apply: Landor, The Cottage, Kerridge, Near Macclesfield.

DULWICH. Large house, spacious rooms, beautiful garden with sandpit, well-placed schools. Ideal large family or joint occupation. Lease 35 yrs. £1,750 quick sale. Tel. GIP. 0678.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro (overlooking Talland Bay), Country House (10 bedrooms) with every modern amenity in surroundings of beauty, peace & atmosphere, in all 7½ acres, 3 mins. sea. For sale with possession end September, £12,500. Particulars & photo: Box 1392.

FOR Sale Freehold, Lavenham, Suffolk. 15th century terraced cottage, oak beamed & studded, 2/3 reception, 4 bedrooms, kitchen, bath, all main services. Small garden with fruit trees. Good mortgage available, £2,250. View by appointment. Teazle Cottage, Water Street. Tel. 360.

SE. CORNWALL—Beautifully-built 3-bedroom Bungalow-cottage having all modern amenities, 4 mins. sea; mild winter climate; secluded. Perfect place for retirement. £5,250 with gardens & orchard (2½ acres). Possession Sept. Partics. & photo: Box 1393.

MAJORCA. Six-roomed seaside cottage. Freehold. £550. Particulars: Box 1290.

U.S.A.—Exchange 240-acre dairy and poultry farm, stream, beautiful scenery, large barn for 45, two silos, six-room house, 80 miles N.W. of New York City, valued at over $20,000, for similar farm in Gt. Britain, smaller acreage acceptable, or equivalent in £. Lobstein, Bloomingburg, N.Y.

WHERE TO STAY

AFTER 100 per cent bookings since March incl. many recommendations and repeat visits, we have a few Sept. vacancies, viz.:—19th onwards, Twin/Dble.-bedded rooms £5 10s., £6 5s., etc. Single rooms at annexe £5 15s. Oct. usually becomes fully booked also; vacancies still available for all floors, inside Normanhurst, from 5*gns.* up. Prices per person incl. "extras," i.e., early tea, baths, coffee, fresh fruit dly., and heated bedroom if weather cool. Used by readers, also Quakers and other kindly folk. Normanhurst P/Hotel, Sea-Front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Mild, sheltered climate; medically commended for late and winter holidays (open every day of the year; cent. htng. throughout). Best position on Prom., opp. covered walk, nr. Orchestra, curative baths. Write for free informative Brochure. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, gives you comfort, good food, and a friendly atmosphere. Club Licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Sharpthorne 17.

THE Hallams, Nr. Shamley Green, Guildford. A beautiful guest house in the Surrey hills, ideal holiday or week-end. Mod. Excel. catering. Illus. bklt. Bramley 306811.

DEVON. "Fontenaye" Guesthse. Accom. Combe Martin. Tel. 428. 1 minute sea.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

PEMBROKESHIRE Coast. Farmhouse accommodation. Sea views. Mod. cons. Vacancies Sept. and Oct., 6*gns.* weekly. Winter residents reduced terms. Write Brochure: Trees Farm, Trevine, Pembs.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. Sept. 8*gns.*, Oct. on, 6*gns.*, incl.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5*gns.* wkly. Summer terms 6*gns.* Robertsbridge 148.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well-cooked, well-served. Own produce. Garage/parking. 5-7*gns.* No extras. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. 'Phone 2621.

BEAUTIFUL Countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Horeham Rd. 32.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6*gns.* George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro. Country Hse. possessing every modern amenity, in 12 acres gardens overlkg. sea, offers restful holiday & perfect food based on own farm produce. No children under 14. Porthallow Old House, Talland Bay, Nr. Looe, Cornwall.

CHARMOUTH House winter season, Charmouth, Dorset. Special terms long bookings between November and May excepting Christmas and Easter. Private suite or bedsit. room if wanted. Suit writer or student.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlooking sea. Continental cooking; children welcomed. Vacancies Sept. 5 to 20. "Waveney," Park Rd., 'Phone 2804.

LAKE Distr. "Beck Allans," Grasmere. H. & c. all b'rms. Terms mod. Brochure on request. Prop. A. & E. Wild. Gras. 129.

CORNISH Riviera, Fowey. Bed & Breakfast, Evening Meal if required. Vacancies August (Regatta Week), Sept. Box 1339.

LAKES Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 2*d.* from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

THE Continental's illustrated brochure will help readers to avoid wasting their holiday. "Square Deal & Cordiality." 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

COME to the Lakes for Autumn Sunshine. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

SMALL modern hotel, over'looking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

HOVE. For happy, comfortable holidays, 4 mins. sea and lawns. H. & C. Excellent food. Terms from 5*gns.* 18 Rutland Gardens. Tel.: Hove 39389.

PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Free from Sept. 12. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Shropshire.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain and lakes. Wastwater. Sea & golf at Seascale. Billiards, Table Tennis, Licd. Irton Hall Hotel Holmrook, Cumb. Holmrook 42.

SKYE, where summer lingers late. Autumn sunsets sheer delight. Vacs. Sept./Oct. Hilditch, Dunollie Hotel, Broadford 253.

HOLIDAYS in Ireland. Unconventional farm, 3½ *guineas* weekly. Kelly, Cloona, Westport, Co. Mayo.

PARIS. 3 mins. from Gare Nord. Rooms from 500*frs.* Mod. comf. Hotel Champagne Mulhouse, 87 Bd. Strasbourg, Paris X.

PARIS. Stay at Hotel de Bordeaux*, Latin Quarter. 400-600*frs.* nightly. H.C. Bath. Billiards. Recently modernised. Eng. spoken. 28 rue de la Montagne, Ste. Geneviève, Paris V. Metro, Maubert-Mutualité.

LOVELY spot, wonderful walks, alt. 2,500ft. Ideal September. Good food, 5*gns.* inc. weekly, reduction numbers. Albergo Alpino, Cravegna di Crodo, Domodossola, Italy.

COTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Special rates for Sept. & Oct. Illust. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed & breakfast. 15*s.* daily.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

TO let: charming furnished flat for a year or longer. Suitable one person. Moderate rent. Telephone CUN. 2109 any morning between 8-10.30 a.m.

FURN. flat Knightsbridge avail. Low rent. 1 careful tenant. BM/PNTY, W.C.1.

PROFESSIONAL couple offer furn. bedroom, large living-room, use of kitchen and bathroom, Kensington. One person only. Pref. female. £2 per week. Box 1304.

WELL-FUR. bedrm., mod. W. London block, bkfst., serv., c.h. 3*gns.* Box 1341.

SUNNY fur. B/sit. (lady). Bath & kit. Abt. 56*s.* inc. CUN. 9887 bef. 10.30 a.m.

COMFORTABLE small bed-sit. and half share of modern flat incl. sitting-room, with cent. heating, phone, garden, offered to young woman. S. London, 30 mins. City or Westminster. 30*s.* p.w. Accom. free Sept. 14; inspection now. Box 1208.

2 SERVICED well-furnished single rooms, £2 15*s.* each., use kit., bath, gas. Milk 'frig., bed linen. MAI. 5267.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

W.9. 2 Furn. rooms, share kit. & bath. Suit 2 girls or men. Box 1406.

SELF-contained flat Wimbledon Common, partly furnished, large kitchen & lounge, two other rooms. Bath and separate w.c.; pantry. Use garden. Bus-stop 100 yards. 5*gns.* WIMbledon 0568.

2 BED-sit. rms., Dr.'s house N. London. Sml. gas ckrs. 30*s.* & 35*s.* Box 1404.

STUDIO, 55*s.* Divan-room, running water, 50*s.* Cooking facilities. MAI. 5492.

GOLDERS Green. Newly furnished double bed-sitter and kit.-dinette in contemporary vein. Graduate landlords. STA. 6291.

PROFESSIONAL or executive woman is offered well-furnished divan-room in flat in quiet garden square Kensington. Lift. Caretaker. Central heating. Box 1325.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17*s.* 6*d.* daily, and breakfast.

FLATLET, attractively furnished, one or two single bedrooms, adjoining sitting-room, own cooker. SPE. 0666 before 10 a.m.

NR. Hampstead Heath, pleas. fur. b/sit. rm. in priv. flat, own tel., cen. htg., use bathroom, garden, 50*s.* p.w. Box 1356.

LARGE furn. single bed-sit., share k., b., one other, nr. Tube, shops, heath. 3½*gns.* inc. heat, light, linen, some service. HAM. 3706 evgs. from August 24, or Box 978.

PRIMROSE Hill. Well-furn. 2nd-floor flat, 4 rooms and 2 attics. All facilities. One year, immed. vacancy. £5 5*s.* weekly. Refs. Write: Wildacre, S. Munstead, Godalming.

TWO pleasant well-furnished rooms available for professional woman in private flat overlooking Primrose Hill; use kitchen and bathroom. 2½*gns.* weekly. Box 1311.

HOLLAND Pk. Serv. rms. newly dec. C.h.w. B. & B. fr. 2½*gns.* wk. PAR. 4835.

SINGLE and double furnished rooms Marble Arch. Cooking facils., service, etc., from £2 7*s.* 6*d.* per week. Box 1326.

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BAYSWATER. Attractive furn. bed-sit. rm., cen. htg., h.c. water, bathrm., tel., breakfast if desired. BAY. 7456.

LONDON, N.W.3. Comf. bed-sit. room avail. for one lady, with nice kitchenette in one corner. Baby Belling cooker. Own telephone. Addtl. lounge if reqd. Box 1366.

FURN. cottage to let, Cerne Abbas, Dorset. Enq. PARk 4835, 9 a.m.-12.30 a.m.

FURN. cottage to let for Winter, N. Devon coast. 3 bedrooms, 2 rec., kit., bath, w.c. Gas & tel. Suit writer. Box 1302.

NORTH Devon. Tiny picturesque thatched Cottage. Isolated. 2 rooms furnished, equipped. Garden; outside sanitation. 2 miles sea. No buses. Long let, 30*s.* p.w. Box 1362.

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PLEASE help very young couple, 1 child, desp. need self-contained unfurnished flat, London or near. Reas. rent. Box 942.

LADY reqs. bed-sit. room with some meals, conven. reach London. Box 1371.

MARRIED student, Royal College of Art, urgently requires unfurn. or part-furn. accom.; can afford only reasonable rent, paid in advance. Write T. Fairs, 11, Airlie Gdns., London, W.8, or 'phone BAY. 3524.

BUS. lady reqs. large un/part-furn. rm., own kit. or ckg. fac., bath or use. Reas. rent. Bloomsbury/S. Ken. Box 1349.

2 LADIES, 2 children, need accomm. London, 3 rooms & kitchen. Unfurn. preferred (f. & f. by instalments). Furnished, to 6*gns.* Intell., considerate tenants. Box 1338.

WOMAN Lect. reqs. div. rm., kit'ette/use kit. Easy reach New Cross. Box 1396.

LONDON University lecturer (25) would like to find by October a roughly two-roomed, self-contained, furnished flat, under 3½*gns.* If you have such a thing, please write to Box 1364.

YNG. cple., expecting baby, in frantic need of accom., W. Lond. pref. Box 1407.

UNMARRIED couple seek board res. or furn. accom., pref. central. Box 1286.

2- or 3-roomed flat wanted. Pref. s/c, beginning Sept. Two adults. All letters answered on Sept. 1. Box 1093.

S/C. Furn. flat Hampstead area reqd. September. Moderate rent. Box 800.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

TEACHER & wife urgently require flat, London, from Sept. 1. Box 1398.

NEEDED before or by end of Sept. by prof. woman, accom. with meal, evgs. and some Sundays. Full serv. Imaginative cooking appreed. Bloomsbury/Chelsea/Battersea/Victoria. Easy access Denmark Hill. Box 1318.

WTD. Hampstead, furn. flatlet or B.S.R. for Photographer 32 (m.). No eqpmnt. on premises. Competent gardener/int. dec., rent £2/£3. Anything considered. Box 774.

WANTED by Architectural Student (female), bed-sit. with use kitchen, bathroom, S.W.1, W.1 or 2. Box 1331.

STUDENT & wife (child coming) need flat, furn./unfurn. No capital. Box 1369.

YOUNG Research Chemist (f.) seeks furnished flat or room in Staines/Egham area. Box 1312.

BIRMINGHAM or country near. Univ. lect., wife, child, req. accom., furn./unfurn., pref. s/c. Wife expd. Froebel teacher willing help with children or gdn. Box 1287.

EDINBURGH. Student (female) requires digs., October. Box 1288.

WATFORD. Swedish lady teacher needs room and cooking facilities from Sept. 1. Urgent. Nilsson, 19 Templars Ave., N.W.11. SPE. 5730.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

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SCHOOLS

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ENTERTAINMENTS

KINGS. Riv. 5094. Opens Aug. 24, 7.30. Donald Wolfit "School for Scandal." Rosalind Iden, Dorothy Green, Ellen Pollock.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "Dust Under Our Feet." Mems.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Cobley's farcical Comedy. "No!" Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s 6d. p.a.

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PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Aug. 23, 7.30. "That Dangerous Age" (A).

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Aug. 23: "The Happiest Days of Your Life" (U). From Aug. 24: "The Wooden Horse" (U). From Aug. 27: "Pygmalion" (A).

ANNIVERSARY Liberation of Rumania Celebration. Social & Concert. Holborn Hall. Mon., Aug. 24, 7.30 p.m. Programme Rumanian Music and Poetry. Refreshments. Welc. members & friends. Brit. Rumanian Friendship Assoc., 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Suns. excepted) at 7.30, until Sat., Sept. 19. Tkts. 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

MAJLIS Mela (Festival by Indian students). Sat., Sept. 5, 11 a.m.-9 p.m., and Sept. 6, 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Indian handwork, crafts, funfair, puppet show, cultural programme, dances, exhibn., sale of saris & articles from Asian entries. Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd. W.C.1. Opening by H. E. Mr. B. G. Kher.

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 18 St. Mary Abbots Terr., W.14. Water Colours & Sculpture: Epstein, Gill, Nash, Pitchforth, Searle, Bone, Gross & others. Weekdays 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-8. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Mary Cassatt & French Masters. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Names to Remember.

TWELVE Australian Artists. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till Aug. 22. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Admission 1s.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Collectors' Items from Artists' Studios. Small Sculptures, Lithographs, Drawings. Aug. 5 to Sept. 6. 11-6. Closed Suns. Adm. free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

PAINTINGS and Gouaches since Paris visit by Durga Lall, at the International Youth Hostel, 1 Oldham Rd., W.10. (Metro. Latimer Rd. Stn.) Opening Sat., Aug. 22. Daily 10.30-7.30 p.m. Until Sept. 26 incl. Adm. free.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., W.C.2. Daily 11-6. Turner Durrant, Huson, Nicoll, Tindle—Aug. 18-Sept. 5; Battersea Exhibition of Holiday Pictures—closing Sept. 4. "Looking at London" cancelled.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Collectors' Choice closing Aug. 22. From Aug. 25: Six Young Contemporaries, and Paintings by Donald Hamilton-Fraser.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Exhibition of Oil Paintings by Young Contemporaries. Until August 29.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Summer Exhibition of Modern Paintings. Also Portrait of Tensing by Michael Werner.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2 (off Char. X Rd. opp. St. Martin's Theatre). Monotype Paintings by Hazel Turnbull. Aug. 4-29. Daily 11-7 except Sun.

FLOWER Books from the Society of Herbalists. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Aug. 29. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 'bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. excepted) 10-5. Adm. free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10 to 7 including Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. August 29, at 6 p.m. Mr. J. Debouzy: "Les Romans d'André Malraux."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum: "Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?" Debate between R. Paget, Q.C., M.P., & Philip I. Bell, Q.C., M.P., Thurs., Sept. 3, at 7.45 p.m., Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Advance bookings: WEL. 0136.

SOUTH African progressives and others interested cordially invited to meeting. Alliance Hall, 12 Caxton St., S.W.1. Mon., August 24, 7.30 p.m. Convenor: E. S. Sachs. Business: Concrete Support for Democratic Southern Africa.

NIGERIA: O. Awolowo, leader Action Group; Dr. N. Azikiwi, leader N.C.N.C.; Fenner Brockway, M.P. (chair), Holborn Hall on Tuesday, August 25, at 7.30 p.m. Reserved seats 2s. from 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1.

DEMOCRACY and Human Rights for Kenya Africans. Who speaks for Britain? White supremacy threatens world peace—Malans in Whitehall must be challenged. End the mass outlawry of the Kikuyu people: End the killing. Protest Meeting Trafalgar Square, Sunday, August 23, 4.15 p.m. March from Hyde Park (Marble Arch): Bring your Banners. Rally 2.45 p.m. Kenya Committee, 112 Clarendon Rd., W.11.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon, Sept. 4-6: "Humorous Writing" and "Painting and Modelling"; Sept. 18-20: "The Unity of the Arts." Programmes from the Warden.

SIR John Pratt, "China and the United Nations," Tuesday, August 25, 8 p.m. at Youth House, 250, Camden Road, N.W.1. Admission 1s. Refreshments.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures. Sundays, 7 p.m. August 23: "Laws of Healing." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Closed for Sunday morning meetings. Re-opening Sunday, September 13. Chamber Music Concerts recommence October 4.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"WORLD of Want—or World of Wealth?" Central London Fabian/U.N.A. Conference at Pulborough, Sept. 4-6. Speakers include D. H. Blelloch (Technical Assistance, Latin-America), Dr. K. G. Fenelon (F.A.O., Iraq), Dr. Akrawi (U.N.E.S.C.O., Paris). Films. Write Jean Graham Hall, 45 West Hill, Sanderstead, Surrey.

WEEK-end Conference, High Leigh, Hoddesden, Herts., Sept 4-6. Discussions opened by R. S. W. Pollard, John Gray, Dr. Eustace Chesser and J. B. Coates. Accommodation, single rooms, incl. charge 37s. 6d. Dets. Ethical Union, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornmill Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.